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The Shape of Things

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ON MAY DAY AGAIN THE MASSED FORCES OF the workers, marching the world over except where the labor and liberal elements have been crushed by fascism, reenact a ritual and a demonstration that have become historic and that have immense emotional meaning. Happily the May Day celebration in American cities this year is being conducted under a United Labor May Day Committee, which only the Old Guard Socialists have refused to enter. The manifesto drawn up by the cooperating groups—on fascism, war, unemployment, trade-union organization, civil liberties, the Supreme Court, and a Farmer-Labor Party—is an impressive commentary on how basic and extensive are the interests which all workers, regardless of political views, have in common. In Spain and France the people have forged out of these common interests a political unity that has thus far come away with a clean and notable success. It remains to determine whether the same can be done in America. This year's observance marks the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of May Day by the American Federation of Labor in 1886, as part of the fight for an eight-hour day. But this May marks another important anniversary—of the British general strike, which ran its brief but exciting course ten years ago and which was the most significant proof the world has witnessed of labor's power in an industrial society. We have been going over the files of *The Nation,* and the change from the editorial position of fifty years ago, when *The Nation* of Godkin called for the use of military force against the emerging labor movement, to the militant letters from England contributed on the British general strike by Harold Laski measures the change in the liberal attitude toward workers' rights and workers' power. But every step of the way has been won by organization and struggle.

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MR. ROOSEVELT MADE A SPEECH IN NEW YORK at the Jefferson Day dinner and rejoiced because he could see no grass growing in the city streets. If he had looked across the river at Trenton he would have seen something to pierce the front of professional optimism at the Commodore. He would have seen unemployed and reliefless workers in possession of the State House, holding a tragi-comic session while the confused legislators were nowhere to be found. In the face of this abdication of government Mr. Roosevelt's insistence that "the strong arm of the nation is needed not in immediate relief alone—we grant

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that. . . . It is equally needed in taking measures to prevent economic disasters" sounded a bit hollow. Mr. Roosevelt is a masterful broker of ideas. His speech was a smooth exposition of the truisms about the economic unity of the country and the organic pattern formed by the New York garment workers and the Nebraska corn and hog farmers. It was also a plea for higher wages, which is all to the good. It is worth noting, however, that in the matter of economic theory the President has learned nothing and has forgotten nothing since the early days of his Administration when the purchasing-power theory was first officially adopted. Mr. Roosevelt is obviously making a strong bid for the labor vote. But it is notable that while his bid, and that of Governor Lehman, was to the workers and small tradesmen, the figures they cited to prove that "we are on our way" out of the depression were figures about corporate profits, dividends, farm prices, but not figures about wages, employment, relief. The workers and their leaders should remember that while Mr. Roosevelt stands against reaction he does not stand for labor and the common man. Between those two positions there is a chasm which his most urbane phrases will not bridge.

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HITLER'S APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL GÖRING to supersede Dr. Schacht as dictator of German economic policies was doubtless forced on him as a means of offsetting the growing discontent with Schacht's deflationary program. No one has ever credited Göring with superior ability in handling economic problems, but his appointment should quiet the radicals within the Nazi Party who have long been restless under Schacht's restrictive policies. Actually, however, there is little that Göring or anyone else can do to improve living standards as long as the Third Reich continues to rearm at the present feverish pace. This being the case, popular support will continue to be whipped up, as at present, by demonstrations directed against foreign countries. Already rumors are afloat that German military detachments are being concentrated along the Austrian frontier. While it is agreed that Germany will not intervene unless requested to do so by a powerful Austrian group, preparations are apparently being made to precipitate such a demand. The collapse of the Jewish-owned Austrian Phoenix Insurance Company is believed to have been deliberately brought about in order to foster anti-Semitism in Austria. The present controversy over the disarmament of the Heimwehr might also furnish Hitler with the pretext for which he is waiting. Whether the expected Austrian coup will materialize depends not only on internal conditions in Germany but also on the support which Britain gives to Europe's anti-Nazi front.

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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' Association spent its annual convention in a hysteria over the Black committee's threats to the freedom of the press. Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* acted Cassandra and prophesied that if the committee got away with seizing private correspondence "they would come back later and take your watch and then come back later and take your daughter." Simultaneously in Washington David Lawrence, publisher of the *United States News,* got into a panic about what he felt was the President's attempt to gag newspapermen. In some off-the-record remarks Mr. Roosevelt was said to have made at the Gridiron dinner, and in the charge made by the Democratic publicity director that the G. O. P. had taken over Mark Sullivan, David Lawrence, and Frank Kent as official propagandists, Mr. Lawrence saw "the first signs of a real dictatorship." But what is it that our publishers and editors really fear? Is it the threat to the peoples' liberties or the threat to the unlimited exercise of their own power? At a meeting of the Associated Press held two days before the publishers' convention, Sir Wilmott Lewis, Washington correspondent for the London *Times,* made a speech which some of the A. N. P. A. members must have heard, though it seems doubtful that they listened. "The danger which confronts freedom of the press," he said, "is not chiefly from without but from within. It is the danger . . . that the freedom which makes us great and useful may make some of us too great, that individuals may acquire a power which they cannot be prevented from harnessing in the service of personal ambition rather than of the community from which their strength flows."

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AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS OF CAREFUL WORK, Mayor LaGuardia's City Charter Commission has produced a document that will certainly not set New York afire. The new city charter, as presented by Chairman Thacher and his colleagues, is a sober, conservative, middle-of-the-road plan, the main feature of which is the substitution of a City Council of twenty-nine members for the thoroughly discredited Board of Aldermen. The body will have local legislative power and will leave the Board of Estimate as an executive body in control solely of the business affairs of the city. Other important features of the new charter are a City Planning Commission, which will coordinate the work of improvements to New York's local geography, and a central Department of Housing and Buildings instead of a department for each borough as at present. The several boroughs will be empowered to initiate only local improvements, with a strict limit to expenditures. For the rest, things remain pretty much as they are. The Mayor will still have power to appoint and remove heads of departments; the proposal to regularize city finances, putting the city gradually on a "cash basis," is in line with the procedure of the present Fusion administration. The success of the City Council plan, of course, depends largely on the adoption of proportional representation, which with the new charter will be voted on next November. For without proportional representation, a determined Tammany would probably find it not much harder to elect twenty-nine councilmen than sixty-five aldermen. And New York will find itself, if it adopts the charter without changing the mode of selecting candidates, with a more orderly arrangement of the same sort of government it now has, subject to the same irresponsible controls and the hazards of machine politics.

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THIS WEEK WE PRINT THE EDITORIAL WHICH was awarded first prize in the contest for college students sponsored by *The Nation* and the Foreign Policy Association. One's first reaction on reading the 241 manuscripts submitted was to bewail the limitations of present-day academic training. Few of the papers could by any stretch of the imagination be called editorials. They included historical essays, written debates, a somewhat clever parable, and even an attempted drama. A number of the contestants never got far beyond the War of 1812. Despite these limitations, the results of the contest were more encouraging than otherwise. All the students were deeply in earnest about peace, and only two favored armaments as a means of achieving that end. An overwhelming majority stood for greater international cooperation, although perhaps they somewhat minimized the obstacles to such action. Most striking of all was the fact that less than a dozen of the participants were in sympathy either with the present neutrality law or the more drastic measures proposed in the Nye-Maverick bill. By inference or by explicit statement the majority leaned toward American participation in the League of Nations. On more fundamental issues the showing was somewhat less encouraging. While nearly all of the students showed a healthy appreciation of the important role of economic forces in making for war, few seemed to realize how deeply the seeds of conflict are imbedded in the capitalist system. In other words, the opinions of the students of today are definitely conditioned by the prejudices of their elders.

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THE STRENGTH EXHIBITED BY THE FRENCH Front Populaire in the preliminary elections of April 26 makes a large left majority in the new Chamber of Deputies almost a foregone conclusion. Although most of the contests will not be decided until after the May 3 run-off elections, there is an excellent chance that the left will obtain substantially more than the 330 seats held in the old Chamber. The left coalition has also made possible a sharp increase in the relative number of seats held by the Communists and Socialists, since these parties have traditionally knifed each other in the second vote. The final result hinges on the attitude of the more conservative wing of the Radical Socialist Party. While that party has not shown any signs of wavering in its anti-fascist stand, a substantial portion of its middle-class following is likely to have qualms at voting for Socialists or Communists in the run-off election. Nevertheless, the left-wing Radical Socialists, who have been most active in supporting the Front Populaire, came off better in the first vote than men like Herriot who had been lukewarm toward the coalition. Left victories have become almost a habit in France since the war, but the left parties have never been able to maintain sufficient unity to set up a stable government. On another page of this issue Mr. Ravage, our Paris correspondent, outlines reasons for hoping that the 1936 Front Populaire will have more stability than the cartels of 1924 and 1932. In any case France has shown, as did Spain a few weeks earlier, the tremendous mass support which the left can obtain in the struggle against fascism.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN HAS GIVEN GREAT Britain an elementary lesson in economics for which it should be profoundly grateful. Instead of concealing the cost of the armament program in a vast government deficit, as most political leaders have done, he has dramatized it for the entire population by increasing taxation in such a way as to make the largest number of persons aware of the added burden. The normal income tax, already more than five times as high as in the United States, is to be increased threepence a pound to 23¾ per cent. And to make certain that the millions who do not pay an income tax will share in the lesson, the tax on tea—the one British indispensable—has been boosted twopence a pound. In explaining his action Mr. Chamberlain declared that only a few weeks ago he had hoped to reduce taxes instead of raising them, but that an increase of $100,000,000 in the cost of the fighting services demanded new "sacrifices" from the country. The full extent of these "sacrifices" has not yet been revealed. The government is known to be planning a large bond issue to cover part of the costs of armament, and further tax increases are expected in the next and succeeding budgets. As if to add point to Mr. Chamberlain's lesson, the Italian *Official Gazette* has published figures showing Italy's tribute to Mars since the outbreak of hostilities to be $800,000,000.

Hobson's Choice for Puerto Rico

OUTWARDLY the move of the Administration in offering independence to Puerto Rico within four years seems, to the uncritical eye, the generous act of a liberty-loving people. Actually it is no such thing. The bill introduced by Senator Tydings came without a word of warning, either to the Puerto Rican or the American people. There was no attempt to enlist the counsel or support of the Puerto Rican leaders, no impartial investigation of conditions on the island and its relations with America, no open consideration of the grounds of policy. We have seen the lords and rulers of the Puerto Ricans since we conquered the island at the end of the last century, and that fact may seem to warrant our dealing out the sort of justice we please. But by any other criterion this move is as shabby a bit of ethical dealing as it is a sorry piece of statesmanship.

The actual motives behind this move of the Administration are not very difficult to penetrate. We added Puerto Rico to our empire at a time when it seemed glamorous for the United States to build up a set of colonial possessions. We were following the example of England and the other European countries, and here was a jewel in what we hoped would be a dazzling imperial crown. But the hard fact is that Puerto Rico has proved no jewel of any kind, but a decided economic liability. The costs of administration are so much loss, unless we count the compensating profits to the American absentee owners of Puerto Rican sugar and tobacco fields. We are now paying out some-

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thing like a million a month as a relief bill, and we had laid down a reconstruction program involving some $25,000,000. At a time when even the relief bill at home is a staggering load to bear, this may seem an unnecessary burden—especially when the behavior of the Puerto Ricans themselves appears ungrateful to the highest degree. The murder of the American chief of police, Colonel E. F. Riggs, by two members of the Nationalist Party and the program of further terrorism that the party has committed itself to were probably of immense importance in influencing our decision. Childish as it may seem, our attitude is that if the Puerto Ricans are not going to play fair, we won't play at all. It would be impossible to get a Puerto Rican jury to convict the assassins, and no one would relish the proclamation of martial law, especially since the Administration is already considerably embarrassed by the repercussions of the Puerto Rican situation on the proposed pan-American peace conference. But behind these immediate factors, behind the relief bill and the recent terrorism, there is the political advantage of a move of this sort from the standpoint of domestic policy. As in the case of Philippine independence, there are groups in America that stand to gain by setting Puerto Rico adrift. Those groups, principally the beet-sugar growers, would prefer to have the island products put on a tariff basis rather than admitted free. And it happens that those groups are politically influential with the present Administration.

Thus we have a set of factors which, in varying proportions, have contributed toward this new policy of imperialism in reverse. But the actual consequences of such a policy for Puerto Rico are bound to prove disastrous. Conditions in the island are worse than in our worst slums or the darkest areas of our own South. There are over a million and a half people in all, and their fate is tied to the sugar crops in the bottom lands and the coffee and tobacco crops in the hills. There is practically no independent farming, most of the population being in a state of virtual peonage to the big plantations. Unemployment runs from 60 per cent during the sugar season to 80 per cent at other times. The middle class is weak, the trade unions are poorly organized, the professions are scanty, illiteracy is high, public health work is practically non-existent. These are the people toward whom we are now adopting an attitude of injured innocence and unappreciated virtue.

What is the choice that we are offering the Puerto Ricans? It is not the glittering choice it seems between independence on the one hand and a beneficent American administration on the other. It is a Hobson's choice between domination by American absentee interests, whose representatives are deeply intrenched on the island, and the certain economic catastrophe that the independence measure would bring. Independence would mean at best a tariff on Puerto Rican sugar, which would thus be placed on the same basis as Cuban sugar. But the fact is that Puerto Rico has poorer sugar soil than Cuba and a higher production cost. Nor is the choice of diversifying its farming and making itself economically self-sufficient—however desirable that might eventually be from a social standpoint—a real or immediate choice for Puerto Rico. Right now sugar offers the highest yield for the total national income, although not enough of that total goes to the Puerto Rican workers and too much of it goes to the American companies.

The one outstanding fact we must keep in mind is that we are not dealing here with a fresh situation, which we can dispose of at will. We have responsibilities toward the Puerto Ricans—responsibilities both for what we have done and what we can do. The economic state they are in is largely the result of the absentee ownership we have imposed on them. The political state they are in, confused as it is, is intelligible only in terms of the impact of American political ideas and ideals upon a semi-feudal social system. The Liberal-Labor coalition now in control does not really want independence, though it may find it desirable to talk about independence, in view of the economic hegemony exercised by the American companies. The Nationalist group which has been responsible for the recent terrorism is small and under any other conditions would be unimportant. It is made up largely of impoverished students and middle-class intellectuals, is fiercely anti-labor, and is reactionary in every sense except the fierce idealism that inspires its demands. We believe independence for Puerto Rico is the only final basis on which the United States can handle this problem with dignity. But it should be talked about only when the economic and political problem is on the road toward solution, and it should be talked about only on terms that would make for solution. Under the terms the Tydings bill proposes it would mean economic ruin, political turmoil, and the shattering of whatever framework of civil liberties the island is now enjoying.

The statesmanlike course would be to base a program upon the expressed needs of the Puerto Rican people as well as ours, and upon a thorough and open study of the economic and political condition of the island. The statesmanlike course would be to forget all notions of pique and revenge: American colonial policy cannot be carried on in fits of spleen. The statesmanlike course would be to chart a program of economic reconstruction for the island which would be closely tied to the developing labor organizations that must form the framework of a new Puerto Rican society. Once the phrase "Carthaginian peace" went down in history applied to peace terms so drastic that they became synonymous with ruthless destruction. Let us avoid the danger that the same will be true of the phrase "Puerto Rican independence."

Taxing Surpluses

THE changes made in the Administration's tax bill since its introduction in the House two months ago have been so many and so technical that the voter is left somewhat bewildered regarding the present status of the measure. Fortunately, there has been no fundamental change in principle. The revision has been prompted primarily by two considerations: (1) a desire to perpetuate the differential in the existing law in favor of small corporations; and (2) an attempt to give relief to corporations that are deeply in debt. By some curious quirk in thinking, Congress has become imbued with the

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idea that bigness is necessarily undesirable and should be penalized. Consequently it has drawn up a schedule of taxation for corporations having incomes of less than $10,000 which is very much lighter than the rates applied to those with incomes of over $40,000. Establishments having incomes of over $10,000 and less than $40,000 are to be assessed under a complicated intermediate schedule which varies with the size of the income as well as the size of the reserve. The bill has also been revised to allow corporations to pay a flat rate of 22½ per cent on earnings set aside for the amortization of debts.

The minority report on the bill is a refreshing illustration of the depths to which the Republicans have descended in their efforts to stem the popularity of the New Deal. It intimates that the measure is directly in line with "Professor Tugwell's" nefarious scheme to turn the American government over to Moscow, and makes much of the fact that a representative of the Communist Party was one of the three non-Administration witnesses to testify in favor of the bill. With remarkable agility it shifts from the position that the bill will force corporations to pay out practically all of their earnings, thus leaving them with no protection against a "rainy day" and depriving the government of much-needed revenue, to the position that the small stockholders will suffer from the extremely high rate of taxation on corporations which retain a large proportion of their income in reserve.

Following the cue given by the Republicans in the House, the conservative press has tried desperately to make it appear that the bill constitutes a threat to the existing economic system. Actually the tax is extremely moderate in its provisions. While it is intended to discourage the accumulation of huge surpluses, it should not prevent corporations from setting aside the necessary reserves for expanding and modernizing their plant. Even with liberal allowances for reserves, the corporation tax will in many instances be less than under the present law. A corporation earning $10,000 a year, for example—and 86 per cent of American corporations earn less than $10,000—may set aside 30 per cent of its income as surplus and yet pay a tax of only 7½ per cent as compared with 10 per cent under the existing law. If a corporation has a net income of $10,000,000, it may apportion $1,000,000 for surplus, and pay only a 4 per cent tax as against 15 per cent at present. Only when the retained portion reaches $3,000,000 will the tax be as high as it is now. The gain for the government arises solely out of the fact that distributed earnings will be subject to the graduated personal-income tax, whereas at present corporations may defeat the purpose of the income tax by plowing under virtually their entire earnings. Even in its weakened form the bill should force corporations to distribute most of their current profits. Such action is bound to have a considerable effect on our economic structure, but one that would scarcely be opposed by the staunchest conservatives if they understood its implications. Keynes and others have repeatedly warned against the loss of consumer purchasing power resulting from over-saving by corporations. Any measure which would force them to utilize their profits would contribute substantially to economic stability.

Relief Circus in Jersey

THERE is something profoundly disturbing in the spectacle of workless men and women occupying the seats of the legislators of a sovereign state which is incapable of giving them work and has now even declared itself powerless to give them bread. It calls to mind the grass that grows in the mighty amphitheaters of the Roman Empire; but it has none of the majestic significance of those relics of a superseded past. Instead it wears the sinister look of man-made decadence, of a stupidity in the midst of plenty, in which only the revolutionist can find cause for hope.

The direct assault of relief clients upon their duly elected representatives is not new. In New Jersey the demonstration was organized after 270,000 people had been consigned to the mercies of local agencies by the failure of the legislature to make any provision for continuing state relief. A few weeks ago 200 WPA workers camped for ten days in the Assembly Chamber of the Wisconsin State Capitol in an attempt to get higher wages. The federal government, by withdrawing direct relief to states, has set the stage for increasingly serious and widespread demonstrations on the part of the hundreds of thousands of people who must wander between WPA jobs and state and local relief, which is reserved for "unemployables" and is totally inadequate even for them.

The increasing misery out of which demonstrations, protests, and "riots" may be expected to grow is hidden in the serried figures of an FERA report on the amount of obligations for emergency relief incurred respectively by federal, state, and local agencies for 1933, 1934, and 1935. The most eloquent figures are those for the four quarters of 1935. In Alabama the federal contribution to direct relief during the second quarter was $6,606,043; the state contributed $26,152. In the fourth quarter the federal figure had been reduced to $1,419,998 but the state's contribution had only increased to $148,470. The local funds meanwhile had *fallen* from $424,879 in the second quarter to $101,007 in the fourth. The figures for Arizona are equally discouraging. Federal relief was cut from $2,017,384 in the second quarter to $875,451 in the fourth; state funds decreased from $365,808 to $157,122. The amount spent by local agencies in Arizona remained stationary—it was zero in both quarters. While the figures for Alabama and Arizona are among the blackest, they represent a tendency which runs through the statistics for the whole country. Presumably direct federal relief for "employables" was replaced by WPA jobs. But the WPA has not taken up more than three-fifths of the burden.

There is little reason to believe that state and local relief will expand quickly enough to cope with the demand upon it. Local finances, like the rate of reemployment and wage scales, have not the same resiliency as speculative stocks. What is needed is the direct use of the national power and resources to meet the national problem of relief. Mr. Roosevelt in his Jefferson Day speech said that all Americans are part of one economic pattern. He and Mr. Hopkins should get together.

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Parole and Murder

EXCELLENT police work! Failure of the parole system! These are the two conclusions that crop up in almost every editorial comment on the solution of the Titterton case. The first is loose thinking, the second is dangerous thinking. Both of them reach beyond the case itself to the nature of our press and the sources of the mass-hysterias that come over us periodically.

The murder itself was a cruel and deeply tragic affair, scarcely credible except as the act of a sick mind. It is not hard to see why it should have stirred people, especially since it made them acutely aware of how, even in the midst of a highly refined and complicated civilization, the individual may be unprotected against a sudden and crude onslaught. But there are many cases that might call equally for our horror and condemnation. What happened here was that the murder came during a lull in the procession of newspaper sensationalism. The Hauptmann case was over, and the papers were looking for something to take its place. They paraded the private affairs of the victim and her family, welcomed the suspense that was built up around the case day after day, and fell into an ecstasy over the miracle that the police were supposed to have wrought in solving it. Actually, of course the case was not as tangled as we are led to believe. There was nothing to be ecstatic about except that everyone loves to track down a criminal, and the primitive revenge-responses are more marketable commodities in the newspaper field than are logic and restraint.

But a more disturbing part of the same emotional fabric was the press campaign against the parole system. We are reprinting on this page an exhibit that the New York press should not be proud of — excerpts from editorials blaming the murder on the fact that Fiorenza was out on parole. They illustrate the hysteria that the American press fell into—a hysteria tied up with the need we seem to feel for rationalizing our interest in crime and death. The feature writer can play up the gory details: the editorial writer has to draw from them some noble moral or some significant social deduction.

"Will his life be spared to be safeguarded by society perhaps under detention, perhaps again under probation?" New York *Sun*, April 23

"The whole case becomes a challenge to courts which hand out suspended sentences."
New York *World-Telegram*, April 22

"Yet so long as parole turns murderous monsters out of prison before their time, the failures of the system are bound to be of greater public concern than its successes."
New York *American*, April 22

"The sentimental who say 'give the poor criminal another chance' will note that the murderer was a convict, on parole, when he killed the woman. He had 'another chance' and made use of it." Arthur Brisbane

"Are other lives menaced by slipshod methods on parole? Is sufficient care being exercised in granting paroles and in fixing indeterminate sentences?" New York *Post*, April 22

"The *other* murderer of Mrs. Titterton—the parole system. The real and most dangerous criminal actually responsible for the horrible crime is our parole system, that makes a mockery of justice and makes itself the murderer's friend and ally. . . ."
New York *Daily Mirror*, April 22

"When will America wake up? Will the lesson of Mrs. Nancy Titterton's brutal killing be as futile as those before it . . . in which criminals on parole or probation walk the streets until they take a human life, and even then may beat the rap? New York *Evening Journal*, April 23

The social deduction drawn here was untrue as fact and vicious in its possible consequences. The record of paroled prisoners is strikingly good when we consider the difficult social conditions under which they must try to rebuild their lives. While some of the writers pointed out that there were relatively few cases of recidivism, there was little chance for restraint amid the torrent of indignation. None defended parole with any vigor; none pointed out the absurdity of keeping a man in jail for the rest of his life for stealing. Everything we know about the effects of prison experience indicates that if Fiorenza had served out his term in prison he would scarcely have been a better person on release. In fact, the whole Fiorenza incident, so far from being an argument against parole, illustrates the soundness of its basic idea. It is an argument for the extension of the parole idea—that a criminal needs a decent chance to find himself—to include the protection and treatment of psychopathic criminals. The report on Fiorenza years ago as one who might get into a true hysterical neurosis should have been enough to send him to a hospital for observation and psychiatric treatment.

Let us agree that parole as it stands now is an imperfect instrument, chiefly because of the imperfections of administration. But the institution of parole is the result of more than a century of difficult thought and effort on the part of a succession of great criminologists. To attack it now so irresponsibly is to turn our backs upon that century of development. Especially dangerous are the political implications of such an attack. We need not wonder that the Hearst papers are using the double human tragedy represented by the Titterton case not only to build sales but also to strengthen their reactionary program, to arouse in readers the cheap and irrational impulses so useful to the demagogue.

The campaign against a rational criminology is everywhere part of the campaign against rational political institutions and against rational and humane methods of settling our social difficulties. The tragic thing is to find the liberal and progressive papers unwittingly swelling the Hearst chorus. They do not see that the attack on the science of criminology as exemplified in the parole system is part of a general pattern of political thought and a general social outlook with which they can have no traffic.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Face-Saving in WPA

Washington, April 26

ALMOST every day something happens to give Harry Hopkins a firmer claim to the title of Unhappiest Man in Washington. As if his days and nights were not sufficiently horrendous with thoughts of the inadequacy of the program he is administering and of the still more callous inadequacy of the program his White House boss proposes to have him run after July, Hopkins's dunderheaded subordinates are everlastingly busy concocting new tortures for him. Their latest invention has been the arrest of ten pickets in a Pennsylvania WPA strike on charges of violating Section 9 of the Emergency Relief Act of 1935, which Hopkins publicly had promised never would be used to break strikes or otherwise curtail the collective-bargaining rights of workers under the WPA.

The Unhappiest Man in Washington

The section in question says: "Any person . . . who knowingly, by means of fraud, force, threat, intimidation, or boycott, deprives any person of any of the benefits [of this act] . . . shall be fined not more than $2,000 or imprisoned for not more than one year, or both." When the act was pending before Congress last year this section drew protests not only from officials of the building-trades unions but also from Hopkins's own labor advisers. Those protests were withdrawn when assurances were given that Section 9 was aimed only at crooked administrative officials, political leeches, and grafting contractors. Nevertheless, on April 13 and 16 ten WPA strikers in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, including the county chairman of the Workers' Federation, an unemployed organization affiliated with Steve Raushenbush's Pennsylvania Security League, were arrested under Section 9 on complaints issued by two federal agents, Thomas E. Stakem, Jr., and William B. Glendenning, working out of the WPA's offices here. The excuse for the arrests was a fight on one of the struck projects which resulted in the beating up of a "loyal" foreman, but only a few of the men arrested were involved in the fight; the others were miles away from the scene.

The arrested men were hustled before the United States Commissioner at Clearfield, a New Deal appointee, who only a few days earlier had appeared as defense counsel for a hosiery mill arraigned before the NLRB for violation of the Wagner act. The Commissioner, John C. Forsyth, fixed bail for the men at $1,500 each, a figure well beyond the reach of the strikers, and then bound them over for action of the federal grand jury meeting at Pittsburgh May 4. They were taken immediately to Pittsburgh, more than a hundred miles away, and clapped into jail there. And there they remained until a delegation of strikers came to Washington this week and after three days of haggling with Hopkins's subordinates finally forced their release some time Friday night.

The important thing in the situation is not that the men were arrested and held in jail for from eight to eleven days. Nor is it the fact that the WPA has in its employ men stupid enough to order the arrests. The important thing is that responsible lieutenants of Hopkins, including in particular Aubrey Williams, assistant federal administrator, and Edward N. Jones, WPA administrator for Pennsylvania, had to be forced to act. More important still is the fact that Hopkins's headquarters staff was concerned primarily with saving the WPA's face rather than with righting the wrong that had been done. Face-saving has come to be a major occupation in the fraternity. In this case it delayed the release of the men and resulted in a covering-up explanation that they would be tried for simple assault in the state court in Jefferson County.

In another recent case there was an even more blatant attempt at face-saving. That was the case involving the discovery that the WPA had been financing construction of a group of private garment factories in Mississippi disguised as "vocational training schools." John Edelman, of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, who with a publicity threat forced Hopkins's lieutenants to report the facts to their boss and thus got the projects canceled, said he found them concerned solely with keeping the facts from the public. He added that one of them proposed that, as a way out, the WPA should withdraw its funds from the projects and let the state use the left-over FERA funds to complete the factories. The suggestion may or may not have been passed on to the state authorities, but a few weeks later, following the withdrawal of WPA funds, it was found that FERA funds were being used precisely as suggested, and Hopkins had to order a second cancelation.

Still further evidence of the way of thinking of men occupying responsible WPA posts would have been found in a recent conference here of its "labor adjusters," a group of men employed to see that the rights of WPA workers

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are observed throughout the country. I am informed by an impeccable authority that a substantial portion of the conference's time was taken up in search for a euphemism with which to cover up discharges for union activity, and that there was a prolonged and serious discussion of whether "vocal activity" would not fill the bill. With such a coterie of field agents at work, it is no wonder that such instances are cropping up as the recent discharge of two WPA foremen in Beaver County, Pennsylvania. One is named Phillips, the other Volpe. Both were officers of the Beaver Valley lodge of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, and both, the NLRB recently ruled, were fired last fall by the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation at Aliquippa for union activity. A few days before they were to appear before the NLRB to testify against the steel company they were fired from their WPA jobs because of "pay-roll irregularity," according to their identical letters of dismissal.

There is at least a suggestion that the steel company had something to do with these WPA dismissals in the fact that its counsel called the attention of an NLRB aide to the dismissals in an attempt to discredit Phillips and Volpe as witnesses just before they were called to the stand. The fact that the company controls both the Republican and the Democratic machines in the area does not lessen the suspicion; nor does the fact that the incidents given as the reason for the dismissals in March occurred several weeks before Christmas. Pointing in the same direction is the report of the district WPA director, J. V. Downey, who held a hearing on Volpe's and Phillips's appeal from their dismissals. His report is a labored attempt to sustain the dismissals without sustaining the grounds alleged therefor. In his report the dismissals become "indefinite suspensions," the "pay-roll irregularities" charged against Phillips become "some confusion," and the charges against Volpe vanish entirely. There is a reference to "incompetence" and one to "pressure groups," which appears to be Mr. Downey's gentle way of conveying to his superiors that Volpe and Phillips were what America's Daughters and their friends like to call "agitators."

In the final paragraph of his report he abandons his effort at justifying the dismissals, suggests that since WPA workers are having to be laid off in Jefferson County it would be "impracticable" to rehire Volpe and Phillips, and that, anyway, he understands the NLRB has ordered Jones and Laughlin to take them back. So saying, he washes his hands of the case, and so apparently does the WPA, for officials here, though confessedly aware that the steel company has defied the NLRB's order, say they plan to take no action in the case—unless the Pennsylvania Security League wants to press it. Volpe and Phillips were officers of an unemployed organization affiliated with the league. It is doubtful that Hopkins himself would do anything in the case, for to do anything would mean running up against State Administrator Jones; and behind Jones, a Pennsylvania Democratic leader and former Republican police chief of Pittsburgh, stands Senator Guffey, who has persuaded Roosevelt and Farley that the services of such men as Jones are essential to Democratic success at the polls in November.

Two Secretaries Face Facts

THE chronic unhappiness which such conditions as these induce in Mr. Hopkins is as nothing when compared with the acute unhappiness suffered by Secretary of Labor Perkins and Secretary of Commerce Roper for a few hours one day this week when, individually, they faced a delegation from the seamen on strike at New York. It is probable that no Cabinet officer ever before was talked to as Miss Perkins and Uncle Dan were talked to by these sailors, made desperate by their position between the cross fire of the shipowners and the double-cross fire of the international officers of their union. Wearing medals received for valor at sea, they came to push down Roper's throat his Hearst-inspired references to current maritime-labor disputes as "insubordination," "mutiny," and a threat to "safety at sea." I think they succeeded, though no choking sounds were heard from the Secretary, who sat silent while man after man faced him with a first-hand account of the conditions which Roper's own department permits to exist with respect to lifeboats and other safety equipment on ocean-going ships, including some of the most luxurious and popular liners of the American merchant marine. With all their hammering they failed, however, to get Roper to say he would demand an immediate federal investigation by a disinterested commission.

They were an impressive group, and there has been nothing to equal them in that respect since the rank-and-file steel workers came to Washington with their strike threats in 1934. Beside them the unemployed groups, the youth delegations, and the farm delegations forever marching on Washington are about as impressive as the bloodhounds in a Bible-belt Tom show. These were plainly competent men. They wasted no time on theories, professed no altruistic motives. They talked from their bellies and, shunning diplomatic niceties, used two-fisted words, with the result, of course, that federal officialdom had no answers for them. They were most impressive when, finishing with Roper, they called on Miss Perkins and insisted on seeing her, though it meant waiting more than an hour and having openly to scorn Assistant Secretary McGrady's offer to serve as a substitute. They were rough with the Secretary of Labor, especially their leader, Joe Curran, who more than once interrupted her long narration of her part in the California incident by saying: "I just can't stand here and listen to that. It just isn't so."

They said the Secretary had not fulfilled her promise to the California strikers at San Diego that if they would sail their ship back to New York she would use her "good offices" to see that they were not punished for striking. As a matter of fact, when the ship docked at New York sixty-four of the strikers were fined two days' pay, fired, and blacklisted; the Labor Department's agents had not even come near the crew; and as a result of the firing of the sixty-four, the crews of more than thirty ships had gone on strike. Their call had one result: Miss Perkins probably will never again be so ready to save the Administration embarrassment by breaking a strike with a promise of her "good offices" unless she makes certain in advance that her good offices will amount to something.

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A French Left Victory

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, April 22

TO BELIEVE the posters and the orators, both sides should emerge triumphant on May 3, if not on April 26. Nationalist spellbinders announce confidently that they will capture such workers' districts as Belleville; the Communists are sure of carrying such a bourgeois stronghold as the suburb of Neuilly. Without accepting the campaign optimism of either side, it is safe to prophesy that unless new international developments arise to confuse the issues, the combined parties of the left will have at least as comfortable a majority in the next Chamber as they had in the last one. Within the Front Populaire substantial shifts in weight are likely to occur; for in the run-off ballot the alliance will operate for the candidates of the bloc as a sort of proportional-representation device. The Communists, whose popular vote in 1932 should have given them three times as many seats as they actually got, are generally conceded thirty or forty deputies to their present ten, their added strength being acquired at the expense of both Radicals and Socialists. Whether their allies will bring off similar gains, or even make good their losses, by a general displacement toward the left is more doubtful. But upon this much all are agreed: although the victory of the Front Populaire may be less decisive than was expected before March 7, the right has no more chance of winning this election than it had that of four years ago.

The nationalists themselves, whatever they may write in their press or say at their meetings, freely admit in private that they expect to be beaten at the polls. But, they add at once, what of that? The left cartel triumphed in '32, didn't it, and also in '24? Much good it did them. Electoral contests in France are sham battles. One side rakes in the votes; the other takes office. The reds, exploiting popular naivete, can arouse the sentimental memories of the great revolution and thus get themselves elected; they may even, by tricky combinations, obtain a parliamentary majority. But they cannot govern. The spurious alliance of Radicals and Socialists gave them control of the Chamber twelve years ago and again four years ago. What followed? No sooner were they in than they fell out. From the start Herriot and after him his successors were obliged to rely on the moderates and the right to carry on at all, since their Socialist campaign partners, paralyzed by rigid doctrine, declined not only to take their responsibilities in the common enterprise for which the people had obviously chosen them, but even to support consistently the cabinets formed by their allies single-handed. The cartel was from the outset an imposture. It made believe to be a governmental coalition; in reality it was nothing but a vote-getting alliance. The Radicals accused their friends of leaving them in the lurch; the Socialists retorted that their partners had not kept the faith. But both knew quite well in advance that their alliance, formed purely for the campaign—not with any constructive object but merely to defeat the common enemy—could only last as long as the campaign. The result was what everyone expected. The cartel having disintegrated, the Radicals, who possessed neither a fixed line of policy nor a solid majority to uphold them, sought favor now with the moderates and the right, now with the extreme left, succeeded in alienating both, and were forced in the end to abandon the ungrateful task in despair. After an avalanche of ministries, each more ephemeral and more impotent than the last, a disillusioned and demoralized country welcomed the National Union—in other words, the right—back to power with a sigh of relief. The cartel of 1924 lasted just two years, that of 1932 barely more than eighteen months.

That is what the tories put their trust in—the likelihood that 1936 will be a repetition of 1924 and 1932. They have no illusion about obtaining a majority in the "mummery" of popular suffrage. They take part in the campaign largely for propaganda purposes. They are quite prepared to be beaten at the polls. But, relying on analogies, they are confident that the left, having been returned to power, will again discredit itself.

Their calculations may not impossibly

From *La Lumière* (Paris)

The March of the French Right

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be justified by the event. It is all very well for the Radicals and Socialists to recall that Poincaré was able to come back in 1926 and pose as "the savior of the franc" because the financial oligarchy, which is the real government of France, paved the way for him by provoking a panic on the exchange. It is all very well for them to say that Daladier in 1934 was driven from office because the same sinister powers trumped up a political-financial scandal, with which Daladier had nothing to do, and then, when this was not effective enough, loosed the fascist hordes upon the streets. If all this is the truth, it is not the whole truth. The fact remains that the campaign partners in both cartels, after raising the hopes of the voting masses and defeating their foes at the polls, presented a spectacle of discord and incapacity, thereby giving those whom the country had rejected their chance. That is not the way to save democracy and bar the road to fascist dictatorship. It is the surest way to ruin democracy and open the door to adventurers. The events of February 6, when the republic came within a hair's breadth of succumbing, have made that clear enough. Daladier in a recent speech stressed the danger that lies in a repetition of "cartelism." "Another failure of the left," he warned, "another betrayal of the people's faith in us, and the masses will turn in despair to the demagogues and adventurers. Nothing this time will save the regime."

But the reactionaries perhaps rely too confidently on parallels with the past. Nothing can be more misleading than the comparison of the Front Populaire of 1936 with the cartels of 1924 and 1932. The cartel was an electoral bargain between politicians and party machines. The Front Populaire is a mass movement in which the principal role is played, not by leaders, not even by political parties, but by the people themselves. The partnership in '24 and '32 was confined to the Socialists and the Radicals. This year it comprises in addition not only the Communists and the Socialist Union, along with some other political groups; of the ninety-odd affiliated organizations the vast majority are non-political, like the reunited General Confederation of Labor, the youth associations, the women, the intellectuals, and scores of other bodies aggregating, at a conservative estimate, between two-thirds and four-fifths of the population of France. Judging by the temper of this vast movement, it would surprise no one if the rank and file, should the leaders again fail to agree, took matters into their own hands.

Whether or not the party chiefs have learned anything from experience, the people of France seem to have digested the lesson of 1926 and more particularly that of February, 1934. They have identified the enemy. They no longer talk vaguely of reaction, of masters, of capitalists. They have put their finger squarely on the source of their ills. They have learned a few things about what happened on that famous night of February 6-7 two years ago. They have it from the surest source that Daladier was resolved to hold on, until the governor of the Bank of France came and told him that unless he yielded the reins of office there would not be a sou with which to run the state; that thereupon the Premier telephoned to the Communist Party to ask whether it would uphold him, saying, "If you do, I stay anyhow"; and that the Communists refused. This is why the rank and file are concentrating their fire and their hatred against the Bank of France, against the financial and industrial oligarchy, against "the two hundred families, who own, exploit, and ruin the country." That is one of the reasons why the Communists, regretting their errors of 1934, have become "the animators of the Front Populaire." And that is why, should the party chiefs again fail to rid the country of this incubus by parliamentary processes, the masses are determined upon revolution. The tang in the air of France in this year, 1936, resembles nothing so much as the atmosphere of July, 1789.

Finally, the cartels did not for an instant look beyond the campaign period. The Front Populaire has a program —a contract, Léon Blum called it the other day—which not only has set down in black and white the reforms to be carried out by the next government but which has been, in one form or another, approved by all the affiliated parties and enthusiastically indorsed by labor and the other non-political organizations of the people. There will be no excuse this time for mutual recriminations. Radicals, Socialists, *and Communists* have laid the precise bases of their collaboration. In these last days of the campaign the understanding has been made even more definite. Léon Blum has revealed that an agreement has been reached about the portfolios which are to be assumed by the Socialists in the Front Populaire government.

The peril of discord, then, seems to have been largely exorcised. But there is danger enough elsewhere. It must not be imagined that the tories and the oligarchs behind them are sitting with their hands folded waiting for annihilation to overtake them. In the last week or two the right's line of action has become fairly plain. First of all, they are reverting to the methods which have served them so well in the past. As this article is being written, reports from every part of the country tell of a flight of capital accompanied by a growing loss of confidence in the national credit and currency. This time, apparently, devaluation of the franc has become inevitable—though it has been said to be inescapable half a dozen times at least in the last two years. The banks, it is said, are only taking care that the moment of its occurrence should be so chosen as to cast discredit on the "revolutionaries" of the Front Populaire. If the Front makes a good showing on April 26, then (so run the reports) the ax will fall before May 3. Meanwhile the fascist groups are almost openly increasing their armaments and rehearsing their mobilizations. The right press, indeed, is announcing these preparations with much emphasis, as warning of what the nation may expect in the event of a left victory at the polls. Lastly, in reactionary quarters much trust is being placed in Hitler. Flandin is said to have declared that the Germans will march into Vienna before the month is over.

In these circumstances, and considering that a whole month elapses between the election and the convening of the Chambers, the left will have to act with vigor and dispatch if its victory is not to turn to defeat and if France is not to be delivered to civil war.

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The British Cabinet—a House Divided

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

SINCE the Hoare-Laval incident of last December it has been obvious enough that unity in the Baldwin Cabinet is maintained with considerable difficulty. Mr. Baldwin himself has lost prestige. Mr. Eden preserves the Geneva accent, but internal opposition has proved fatal to his power to act forthrightly. There is division over Italy; there is division over Germany, not least over the military commitments which Hitler's policy involves. The nearer war approaches, the less clear is the mind of the Cabinet about its direction. And there can be little doubt that the differences within the Cabinet reflect a grave divergence of opinion within the Conservative Party itself.

Its basis is the place of the League of Nations in the making of foreign policy. The peace ballot of last June swept the Cabinet into moral commitments far beyond anything in which its members, Mr. Eden apart, really believed. To make the Eden policy successful, it was essential that Italian ambitions should be rendered abortive. Otherwise, all the suspicions of collective security which all but a handful of the Tory members share would be bound to come into operation. Sanctions have failed; and their failure means that the party is anxious to end the risks attached to their application. They jeopardize the friendship of Italy. They make at least possible a Mediterranean war. They may involve an Italian-German alliance which would influence decisively the balance of power. The Tories are no longer willing to take the risks a League policy involves. They prefer to return to the old game of maneuver in which an attitude of semi-isolation combined with rearmament makes Great Britain the contingent arbiter in the power politics of Western Europe.

It is clear that the majority of the Cabinet shares this view. Mr. Eden can count on a small group of his colleagues, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Mr. Duff-Cooper, Mr. Elliott; but the Prime Minister is on the fence, and the attitude of the rest varies from doubt to downright hostility. An Italian victory, as things are, would not only be a defeat for Mr. Eden; it would gravely compromise the reputation of the whole Cabinet. It might mean war; it may well mean an end of Great Britain's free hand in other fields of action.

That is why the Tories have no longer their old confidence in Mr. Baldwin. He lost a third of his reputation last December. He has lost more since by his curious indecisiveness. The Tories turn increasingly to Mr. Chamberlain, with his hard, clear, narrow mind, as a man who will save them from the moral idealism of Mr. Eden. Under his leadership, they think, with realists like Sir Samuel Hoare and Sir Robert Horne back in office, the Geneva epoch can be ended. And if that means the disappearance of Mr. MacDonald, Sir John Simon, and their followers, so much the better for the Tory party. The time has come to end the period of liberal Toryism. The intrigue is afoot, and it may well prove successful.

Not, indeed, easily successful. Mr. Baldwin's standing in the country is still high; the disappearance of Mr. Eden would be a profound shock to public opinion, which is still faithful to the League; and straight Tory government might well mean a general election in which, in the present temper, Labor would win a good number of seats. But its success, both in the domestic and in the international field, would make possible the "realism" a long departure from which always makes for mental discomfort in the inner Tory mind. Geneva and social reform are not their *métier,* especially when they involve a threat to peace, a heavy bill of costs, and a flirtation with Russia which goes against the grain. If a general election could be avoided, the loss of Mr. Baldwin would not be too heavy a price to pay, for men like Mr. Amery, in return for the freedom to maneuver that would thus be acquired.

Drawing by Eichenberg

Mr. Baldwin Straddling

The contradictions of capitalism in its present phase are, in short, reflected in the British Cabinet. Collective security means commitments from which most of its members shrink. They see in the League an instrument which may well, if applied, destroy the countries which they regard as bulwarks against communism. They regret the ambitions of Italy and Germany. But they think their satisfaction a lesser evil than a policy in which England becomes an instrument of anti-fascism. They think Mr. Eden unrealistic. The mind of Europe, in their view, is unprepared for the high principles he attempts to put into action. They do not think them workable; they do not know where they will lead. A strongly armed Britain, free to follow its own interests, is in their view

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the one path of safety. They understand the methods that conception involves. Geneva, for them, is a strange and dangerous technique involving postulates wholly alien to their temper and purposes. They feel that they can do a deal with the dissatisfied powers if the Covenant is out of the way. They want to get rid of a policy which continually implicates them in its consequences. That means the resignation of Mr. Eden, or his reduction to nullity. It may mean the resignation of Mr. Baldwin, who, so far, has tended to stand by him.

I doubt whether this effort will have any rapid outcome. Any big change in the government, especially in a diehard direction, will not be welcome in the country; and it may well impair the unity of the Tory party. Mr. Baldwin, too, is a good fighter in a corner; and he will not go at the dictation of diehards whose outlook he despises. If he does go, the idea of a Chamberlain-Hoare government may well prove far less desirable than its friends imagine. It would be pro-Italian, pro-German, pro-Japanese. It would reduce the League to a post office. While it would go on arming, it would do nothing to appease the international crisis. Domestically, it might well awaken the same feelings in the unemployed which nearly destroyed the MacDonald government in 1934. It would mean more tariffs; and it would intensify such imperial experiments as Ottawa.

The change would, in a word, end any hope of real collective security against an aggressor Germany without removing the sources of trouble in Europe and the Far East. It would encourage the fascist powers as no other change in European government would do. It would represent an effort to find accommodations for British economic interests without regard to any larger international obligations. It might postpone the issue raised by German and other fascist policies by buying them off. But its true result would be to encourage the fascist appetite by revealing an eagerness to accommodate its claims. On any view, I doubt whether that appetite can now be balked without conflict. I believe also, however, that the replacement of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden by a Chamberlain government would be a victory for the darkest forces in Europe today.

Harry Bridges: Rank-and-File Leader

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

San Francisco, April 23

EARLY in April, en route to Southern California, I stopped off in San Francisco and looked up Harry Bridges, the militant president of the International Longshoremen's Association Local 38-79. I had made an appointment with him three days earlier by long distance from Sacramento.

In response to my knock Bridges opened the door in the thin partition that separates his dingy, windowless, four-by-six office from the rest of the vast and teeming I. L. A. headquarters on Clay Street, a stone's throw from the Embarcadero. "Sorry," he said quickly, "I've no time. I shouldn't be here now. I waited for you only because I promised you I'd be here and didn't know where to call you to cancel the appointment." None the less, sliding into the rickety chair at his small roll-top desk, he invited me to sit down; then we talked rapidly for ten, fifteen minutes.

He is a slight, lanky fellow in his early forties, with a narrow, longish head, receding dark hair, a good straight brow, an aggressive hook nose, and a tense-lipped mouth. He wears cheap clothes and is indifferent about his appearance. His salary as head of the union is less than the average wage of the union members.

The San Francisco headlines that morning told of a "plot" on the part of a member of the conservative element in the marine unions to kill one of the left-wing leaders, and Bridges—probably the hardest-working man in San Francisco—evidently was under great mental and nervous strain. His 'phone rang every few minutes, and in the middle of our interview a man came in from the outer office to inform him that a worker had just been found slugged unconscious on a dock.

Bridges's replies to my questions were swift, brief, evasive; later I learned that on first meeting he is that way with everybody. Talking, he makes quick, irrelevant gestures with his hands, like a soda-jerker away from his counter. He looks anything but a longshoreman or labor leader. At first he doesn't strike one as a leader of any kind. He doesn't look at one directly, but takes short, sudden squints from under his brows. These squints gradually lengthen into glances, which then spread into a shrewd, scrutinizing look. Talk spurts out of him in a low, tensely controlled voice, suggesting that he is not a good platform speaker.

For a minute or two I wondered: Can this man possibly be a strong leader? Then I couldn't help feeling that behind that jittery exterior, in that seemingly frail person, was a lot of calm, deliberate power, which probably was less part of his essential make-up as a person than of the militant-labor-union idea he had embraced and decided to serve, and of the tense and dramatic situation on the West Coast of which he was the storm center. He excited all my interest and I did my best to persuade him to explain himself, either then or later, in terms of his background and the influences that have played on his life. I said I would be in San Francisco again in ten days: would he have more time then and be willing to talk about himself? "No, no—sorry—it isn't only that I'm busy. I prefer not to be publicized as an individual. My

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personal background and life are unimportant. The movement is important, the situation; but just now I don't want to talk about anything. Whatever I'd say might be twisted by our enemies and used to the detriment of the union." I knew the situation was inchoate, full of cross-currents and fluctuating possibilities, on the verge of new developments.

Having heard of efforts to get him deported as an "alien red plotting to sovietize industry and overthrow the government of the United States by force and violence," I asked him about his status as an immigrant. (He is an Australian, here twelve years.) He said he was not worried about that: he had taken out his first papers and expected to get the full citizenship in due course. I had a feeling he did not consider himself indispensable or think that his deportation would be fatal to maritime unions; later I met some of his associates who obviously are fit to fill his place. Also, should the authorities move to deport him or deny him his citizenship when his time comes, I believe the whole Coast would blaze up from San Pedro to Seattle. He is a hero, perhaps to his annoyance, to hundreds of thousands of workers, most of them native Americans, both in the marine unions and outside them.

We parted and Bridges hurried somewhere; and I, going on to Los Angeles, sent word to *The Nation* that Bridges did not want to be written up, and that the waterfront situation on the Coast momentarily was so unclear and so lacking in significant incidents that for the present we might better postpone writing and printing anything about it.

But ten days later, when an engagement required me to return to San Francisco, the Santa Rosa affair flared up there, abruptly illumining several important phases of the situation. To understand that affair, however, one must glance back over the last two years of the Pacific Coast waterfront history and be aware also of what is now going on in the East.

The 1934 strike began over wages and working conditions, but the paramount issue was the employers' "slave market" versus the union hiring hall. That conflict developed political implications in the general strike. When the strike ended—seemingly in the workers' defeat—the marine unions, under Bridges's consistently shrewd leadership, staged the so-called "strategic retreat," agreeing to submit their demands to arbitration. Week after week, as the arbitration dragged on, the shipowners and other waterfront employers lost ground; the unions, organized along the old craft lines, remained solid; and the final National Longshore Award granted the men nearly all their demands.

The whole spirit of the waterfront changed. Competition for jobs at pierheads gave way to cooperation and solidarity. The I. L. A. union membership increased from below two thousand to over four thousand, and the hiring halls distributed the work so evenly that all at once there were no unemployed longshoremen and the average wage became $37 a week, with opportunities to make, under greatly improved working conditions, as much as $200 a month. As one of the longshoremen put it to me the other day, "We experienced the unaccustomed luxury of being men."

This stimulated labor in other crafts, and in many places it organized 100 per cent; after which these and some of the old unions up and down the Coast under the leadership of Bridges and his associates formed the Maritime Federation of the Pacific Coast, which swiftly became a great and growing power. The federation spread to Canada and Hawaii, and its idea—that of industrial as opposed to craft organization for *all* sea and shoreside workers—commenced to excite the men in the Gulf ports. Committees called on federation officials for aid in setting up locals, and the organization spread to warehouse men, bargemen, and other workers on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, while its prestige penetrated even to the agricultural areas. Rank-and-file leaders of rural migratory labor hit upon the notion that, since many agricultural products were shipped by sea and rivers, the agricultural workers' union should also be affiliated with the Maritime Federation. They looked forward to the time when organized maritime workers would refuse to handle or transport agricultural products not grown by organized field or orchard labor.

Nervous before, employers now—about a year ago—experienced panic, and their first thought naturally was: This man Bridges and his federation must be stopped! But how? Not a few people concerned with sea-shipping have interests also in river boats and ports and in vast ranch corporations; but while some of them unquestionably are nice enough fellows personally, few have overmuch intelligence or any long-range imagination. Functionally, in the business world, most of them are ignorant pushers, dog-eat-dog opportunists, and fear-torn stuffed shirts, distrusting one another; throughout 1935, secretly admitting that Bridges was one smart so-and-so, they had a hard time in agreeing on any sort of plan by which they could get at him.

Meanwhile, the I. L. A. had developed subtly aggressive dock tactics, designed partly to keep the employers groggy and confused, but mainly to continue improving the men's job conditions. Bridges and other officials of the union believe in giving a fair day's work for a fair wage (they are satisfied that the wages now are good), and soldiering on the job is discouraged by them. On the other hand, they do not want men to overwork. So about a year ago they instituted a system whereby every dock gang elected from among themselves a so-called gang or dock steward to look after their interests and act as their spokesman on the job. These stewards, always wanting something or protesting against this or that, became a great annoyance to the bosses. Some of their demands and protests probably were "unreasonable" from the employers' point of view. There were endless disputes, some resulting in "job action" on the part of workers or quick strikes ("quickies") localized to one dock. Suddenly, in the midst of unloading a ship, the longshore gang would walk off, causing the stubborn employer sailing delay, considerable additional expense, and general irritation.

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The federal arbitrator ruled that while workers were obliged under the 1934 agreement to obey the employers, they could quit their jobs at any time, and that "quickies" were not breaches of the award. Required by the award to employ only I. L. A. men, the employer called the hiring hall for another gang, which came promptly enough but as likely as not pulled another "quicky" an hour later; and so on, till the employer yielded to, say, a demand that the slingload be made 2,500 instead of 4,000 pounds. There were also, in the last year, numerous outbursts of violence and frequent questions whether or not the ship to be unloaded was "hot," that is, had been loaded with cargo in another port by non-union men or was manned by scabs. These fights were bitterest on docks operated by companies with strong banking and agricultural ties—the Matson Company, the American-Hawaiian Lines, and the Dollar Steamship Company—which were particularly antagonistic to the "Bridges union."

But the prestige of the Maritime Federation and Bridges only increased. The newspapers called Bridges a red, a Communist, a subversive alien, but the men only laughed at these appellations: "What the hell do we care what he is!"

Last November the big companies, led by the Matson and Dollar officials, determined to have a "showdown" and managed to create a loose united front among the employers, who promptly disagreed as to procedure. One faction was for cracking down on the I. L. A. with vigilante terror and, if necessary, the National Guard. Another group felt such tactics would be unwise; there was too much sympathy with the men among the public. Finally, getting nowhere locally, they decided that this should not be merely a Coast fight but a national one.

On December 9 there met in the San Francisco office of the Waterfront Employers' Association representatives of all important shipping interests in the country, but no definite decision was made then. Their conferences were transferred to New York and Washington. The United States Department of Justice was requested to investigate the waterfront unions, and newspapers in all big port cities began to harp on the communistic and subversive character of some of the seamen's and longshoremen's leaders. In these efforts the employers had the eager cooperation of numerous conservative labor skates, including the biggest of the big shots in the I. L. A. and the International Seamen's Union, both affiliated with the A. F. of L.

On December 31 Louis Stark, the best-informed and most careful labor journalist in the country, reported from Washington in the New York *Times* that "employers on the Pacific Coast virtually have completed a coastwise 'vigilante' organization to protect their interests in the event that they find themselves unable to obtain redress from the government should the international unions

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continue to be unable to discipline their Pacific Coast local unions. . . . The Pacific Coast owners are said to be in constant contact with the Atlantic operators . . . and well-informed sources indicate the employers are ready for a 'showdown.' "

On January 7 the representatives of all the important shipping interests reconvened in San Francisco and decided, at a date to be set later, to (1) repudiate publicly all agreements with the unions on the Coast on account of their "irresponsible leadership," (2) deal with workers only as individuals, and (3) give this action a peaceful appearance by laying up for a while some of the ships, ostensibly because operation was financially impossible. In fine, the plan was to make the action a kind of semi-lockout.

Still they were not ready. Thomas Plant, spokesman for the Waterfront Employers, and numerous representatives of shipping companies spent most of January and part of February in New York and Washington, and they probably had a hand in engineering the attack on the Maritime Federation by the national convention of the International Seamen's Union, which directed the Sailors' Union of the Pacific to withdraw from the federation and, when the latter failed to obey, took away its charter. At the same time reports reached the rank-and-file unions on the Coast that in New York City President Ryan of the I. L. A. had entered the united front of the employers.

On January 22 shippers, importers, and exporters were notified that the long-planned semi-lockout would begin on January 26. They were warned to clear up their business. But the Maritime Federation got wind of this and promptly exposed the plan. It called on the federal government to prevent "civil war" on the Pacific Coast waterfronts and charged that a nation-wide conspiracy existed among "waterfront employers, shippers, and allied financial interests to wipe out the Pacific Coast maritime unions," which, the statement continued,

> . . . are run by their members, not by "Communists." It is a peculiarity of Pacific Coast maritime unions that officials must submit every action of the slightest importance to a majority vote of the membership. And that is precisely what the owners object to. They do not like democracy. They profess to admire Atlantic Coast maritime unions, where the members have absolutely nothing to say as to the functions of their own organizations. Obviously, this is the core of the whole matter: it is democracy the shipowners dislike; it is autocracy they desire. Because they do not like democracy they call it communism in an effort to obscure the real issue.
>
> Owners do not run the ships at a loss if they pay decent wages. Under mail-contract subsidies alone, shipowners received approximately $28,850,000 in 1935. This is more than the combined annual wages, subsistence, maintenance, and repair costs of the operation of all American-flag vessels on ocean mail routes, these costs amounting to $28,460,000 a year, according to the operators' own estimates.

This clever exposé, executed in the best Bridges manner, received considerable publicity in the few liberal newspapers on the coast; and the public's, but especially organized labor's, reaction to the planned lockout was against the employers. The plan was thus frustrated; whereupon, save for the "mutiny" on the California at San Pedro in March, peace prevailed all along the Pacific front until April 3, when eighteen ship companies, led by Matson and Dollar, moved to break the sailors' hiring-hall system in San Francisco by a federal injunction. Bridges declared before the San Francisco Labor Council: "I don't want to appear an alarmist, but this looks like the start of another fight. We've tried to avoid it, but we're ready." The council strongly condemned the shipowners' action, public opinion preponderantly opposed a renewal of warfare, and the owners again pulled in their horns.

Then the Santa Rosa.

On the East Coast there have occurred in recent weeks numerous rank-and-file "quickies," or small outlaw strikes which had the sympathy of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, for they were, in the main, efforts to discredit the A. F. of L. "fascists" running the I. L. A. and the I. S. U. Early in April the Maritime Federation received word from New York that the Santa Rosa, a Grace Line freight-passenger ship, had left for Los Angeles and San Francisco in a "hot" condition. It seemed that the ship had been picketed in New York as "unfair to organized labor" and that she had signed on some scabs, whom the I. S. U. officials supplied with union books just before sailing. This was all the information Bridges and his group had. Naturally, they suspected a plot, although heretofore the Grace Line had had a comparatively good record. They had heard rumors of "tricks" about to be played on the San Francisco I. L. A. The Santa Rosa was tensely awaited by the men. When she arrived, the federation had a picket line at the pier. Everybody believed she was "hot." Crowds of men who were not authorized pickets came to the pier. The company called the hiring hall for stevedores. The gangs came but refused to go through the crowd, which by then had begun to consider itself the picket line. Meanwhile the Maritime Federation officials were trying to find out the facts about the ship's temperature, but were not allowed aboard. A few of the crew came off, and one or two of them confirmed the report that there had been some irregularity in signing up the men in New York.

The federation officials, including Bridges, held a conference and, deciding that their information was too slender to justify creating an issue in the already tense situation, called off the pickets and told the gangs to go and work the ship. But meanwhile—in fact, almost immediately after the gangs stopped at the federation's picket line—the Waterfront Employers, as though prepared beforehand, issued an announcement suspending all relations with the I. L. A. Local 38-79 and ordering employers all along the front to (1) call for no more gangs from the hiring hall, (2) summon back men then employed on uncompleted jobs, and (3) employ in the future only those registered longshoremen eligible to work under the award who reported directly to the job.

A lockout, but badly messed up from the start. The union immediately denied that the men refused to work

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the ship. The hiring hall again sent the gangs and was willing to send more. In fact, more gangs were sent, but the Grace Line superintendent turned them away. In brief, the owners found themselves fighting mad in a ring empty of opponents—a ridiculous situation which "drew the berry" from 4,300 longshoremen and tens of thousands of their sympathizers in and outside the labor movement. In their excitement and embarrassment the pugnacious geniuses in charge of the lockout forgot they were fighting communism and said they were the sworn enemies of the hiring hall. Then they discovered that was a "bum issue." The public at large was not against the hiring hall. Longshoremen were fanatically in love with it. Expressions of solidarity on the issue came from up and down the Coast, even from conservative I. L. A. district officials who hate Bridges no less than the employers hate him. So, still more confused, the employers' leaders claimed they had been misunderstood: the hiring hall was not the issue. "We are opposed to its abolition," read one of their statements. "We likewise are opposed to any change of the provisions of the arbitration award. We insist that every provision of the award be strictly observed."

In short, there was no issue. Then they recalled that Bridges was a red and blamed the situation on him. He had ordered out the Maritime Federation picket line. Which wasn't true, for Bridges doesn't order anyone to do anything. All decisions in the Maritime Federation as well as in the I. L. A. local are made by the membership or by elected committees. So the men laughed still more.

Meantime the lockout was an actuality. The Santa Rosa was not worked. The same was true of the majority of other ships in port when the lockout began. Scores of San Francisco-bound vessels were diverted to San Pedro and Portland, and, according to various estimates, the great port beyond the Golden Gate lost between a quarter of a million and a million dollars a day in wages and wharfage fees; for eight days, while Mayor Rossi issued frantic statements, the Embarcadero was quiet as a graveyard.

As I write this, the lockout mess has been more or less cleared up. Today the great port is beginning to get slowly back to normal operations. The basic labor-employer situation, however, is where it was ten days ago—except that the prestige of Bridges's leadership, the essence of which is intelligently directed mass-democracy, has gone up many notches during the past week; while the employers feel groggy and foolish, and probably are wondering what they can do next.

I don't know what they can or will do, but the probability is they will get more and more desperate. However, they may not make their next move, whatever it will be, for some time—unless they decide to attempt to frame Bridges, which also will not be easy. Bridges is the most careful of men.

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The Hollywood Tea Party

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

Hollywood, April 18

I DON'T know why Boston should get all the publicity. Hollywood threw a tea party of its own last night, and some two hundred of the movie colony's leading lights attended; yet there is not a mention of it this morning in the Los Angeles *Times*. There *is* a notice that "the Los Angeles Art Noon Club will hold its April meeting Tuesday in the Women's Athletic Club at noon." A previous engagement will not permit me to attend this meeting, so you boys and girls will have to be content with hearing about what happened last night.

It seems news finally got to Hollywood about the Kramer sedition bill and what it meant—a little late, it is true, but after all Paul Revere doesn't do as much riding these days as he used to. Anyhow, the news came and the embattled freemen of Hollywood said, "Let's do something about it." They took the stand that the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798 hadn't been good enough for their fathers and that the Kramer sedition bill wasn't good enough for them. They really got mad one night and formed a committee to put Mr. Kramer's sedition bill out of business.

Their first mistake was in getting a judge to head the committee: Judge Lester W. Roth. Now Mr. Hearst, if I read his local papers correctly, likes the Kramer bill, and Mr. Hearst has a lot of influence in this town: most judges would have spent several years in calm, cool, judicial deliberation and then would have decided that they couldn't head a committee Mr. Hearst might not approve of. But this judge—I don't know *what* he could have been thinking of, unless it was the Bill of Rights—said he would be glad to head the group.

Of course that should have been the end of the whole matter, but a second mistake was made: women were put on the committee. The women immediately opened headquarters and began a house-to-house canvass of Kramer's constituency, armed with petitions asking Kramer to withdraw the bill. Well, it seems that an awful lot of people who voted for Mr. Kramer under the impression that he was a liberal are signing these petitions with their names and addresses, so that Mr. Kramer can see they really are constituents. And since Mr. Kramer faces a primary fight this year, he is going to be interested in what his constituents think. I mean he will be before the primary anyhow.

Just to make sure, the committee intends to make photostatic copies of the petitions and send them to Mr. Kramer and his allies. All of this is going to take a little money, so the committee decided to throw a sedition party and get the Hollywood people to come and contribute to the cause.

Well, they came last night and they contributed. I saw loads and loads of writers from Metro, which even contributed two supervisors; the Paramount attorney was there, as were several Paramount scribes including Clifford Odets; United Artists was represented by an art director. Louis Adamic was there, and Dorothy Parker, but there were also some Los Angeles business men and a corporation lawyer. And Sidney Skolsky. A mixed crowd, but certainly a well-to-do one. Not Liberty Leaguers in wealth maybe, but a prosperous crew nevertheless.

Now some of these people, unquestionably, think that Mr. Roosevelt is too conservative; but a good many of them think he is far too radical. Some of them are Old Guard Republicans who would welcome Mr. Hoover back; and at least one of them (you might as well know where *I* stand) is an Old Guard Socialist who thinks that Louis Waldman's letter in a recent issue of *The Nation* was a magnificent declaration of principles.

And that's what made the party important to me. It seems to me that as long as groups of Americans, regardless of party, are willing to get together to fight for the preservation of their civil rights, fascism can't win. For, mind you, this was no gathering of the dispossessed, meeting in some secret place; this was a gathering of respectable citizens, meeting openly. And while that can happen, fascism hasn't a chance.

There's a corollary: if fascism can't win, then we aren't confronted with the choice the Communists insist we must make—fascism or communism. I have always thought that would be a horrible dilemma, because I really like my civil liberties and I don't want anybody to take them away from me—whether his name is Kramer or Hitler or Mussolini or even Stalin. Besides, I just read in my favorite weekly that the Soviet censor won't let Louis Fischer get *The Nation*. Well, what does that mean? Let the Communists get into power here, and pretty soon there's no *Nation* at all. And what do I do then? Write just for moving pictures? A fine prospect, indeed! No, sir, I'll take Franklin Roosevelt or Alf Landon—as long as I can't get Louis Waldman.

P. S.—Although the news of the tea party was not printed in the *Times*, my spies report to me that the news reached Washington. Just before the party last night Congressman Kramer called up several of the Democrats on the committee and wanted to know why the boys were attacking him. They must have told him, because my information is that he was on the wire twenty minutes. When a Congressman spends that much of his own money in long-distance calls, he is worried. Don't be surprised if Kramer withdraws the bill: from what I hear of him, he would rather withdraw any bill than withdraw Congressman Kramer.

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Will Neutrality Keep Us Out of War?

[*The following editorial, by Marion Donnelly of the University of California, has been awarded first prize in the student editorial contest sponsored jointly by* The Nation *and the Foreign Policy Association.*]

IF, WHEN the next world war flares, the President's neutrality proclamation keeps the United States from being involved, such circumstance will constitute an event without precedent in our national history. In two previous European wars, during which the continental balance of power was temporarily settled, the United States tried to go about its business in its customary way, and on both occasions was drawn into the war.

The parallels offered by our encounters with France and England during the Napoleonic wars and our more recent plying between the Scylla and Charybdis of Allies and Central Powers in the years before 1917 are enlightening and portentous. The reasons we had for going to war with England in 1812 were not Napoleon's reasons, nor, a century later, were our grievances against Germany the same as England's, at least initially. Nevertheless, once war broke out, our tortuous road from neutral to combatant spread inescapably before us. Is this always to be?

In trying to reach any valid conclusion about the probable course of American neutrality in the event of future war, it is well to remember that twice before the United States went to war to protect its neutral rights, after vain attempts to resolve the contradiction inherent in trying to carry on normally in an altogether abnormal situation. In spite of these two futile affrays, no one dreams of saying that the issue is a settled one, or cares to deny that the same circumstances, whether fortuitous or fateful, may engulf the country in war again, to no better purpose.

Nations at war, rendered unscrupulous through desperation, infringed the neutral rights of the United States. Ironically, the alternatives which faced the peace-loving but frustrated republic were military retaliation or abridgment of national sovereignty imposed from without. Probably the most important single development in the world since 1917 is that this horrible choice is no longer inevitable for any country willing to make concerted use with other countries of the instruments now in existence for collective security and collective restraint of aggressors.

Before it becomes possible to apply this principle of collective security and collective restraint, a principle which is perfectly understood and everywhere accepted in dealings with individual lawbreakers, it is necessary to face the implications of the whole subject of neutrality, its possibilities and limitations. Encouraging indications of this tendency are to be found everywhere, particularly in the average American's acceptance of the current neutrality legislation, which clearly limits rights heretofore strenuously insisted upon in our relations with belligerents.

Unfortunately, because of the continuing crisis abroad, this legislation is still unformed and unfinished. This has dealt a crushing blow to the hopes of all who had counted on sufficient awareness of reality by Congress to assure some sort of permanent neutrality law which would embody the principle of cooperation with the forces of peace. By giving the President discretionary powers in the matter of declaring embargoes, the door would have been open for constructive cooperation with the League of Nations, if not positively through support of sanctions—impossible politically just now—then negatively through a willingness not to obstruct the League's efforts to impose sanctions.

Congress has refused to authorize this discretionary power. Its sorry action, whether due to surrender to pressure groups, isolationist propaganda, or sheer obtuseness, is indefensible. Any real contribution to world peace on our part is at present impossible, unless our apparent readiness to get off the earth in so far as we are physically able to do so is considered helpful. That, at least, Congress seems amply willing to try; no doubt to give the future belligerents plenty of room to fight in.

It is difficult to gauge the repercussions of this blunder immediately, though one can say that the temper of the American people at the present time indicates a desire to leave no stone unturned in the search for a solution to the problem of maintaining peace. Most of us, it is true, do not take the trouble to familiarize ourselves with intricate questions of foreign policy. This does not mean, however, that we are the "international illiterates" our hundred percenters and isolationists wish us to be.

If a majority can be made to see that American peace is a snare and a delusion in a world in which there is no peace, if we can see clearly the indivisible character of our economic environment, then, inevitably, we must admit the necessity for organizing our world for peace.

The responsibility of our national leaders in making us see this, in forcing us to realize that no puny device of "maintaining a strict neutrality" will save us from the storm when it breaks, is almost incalculable. Let them exercise their leadership with some perceptible diminution of slipshod thinking and muddled premises. Let them explain, again and again, as often as they can commandeer microphone or platform, that neutrality is not enough. Americans are not morons or idiots. They are able to understand that the policies of the past do not always work and that the sane thing to do when something doesn't work is to scrap it or make it over. This is a good, traditional, American way of approaching problems, Mr. Hearst and his minions notwithstanding.

For our own sakes, in order to save our own country and all it stands for at its best, we must come forth and align ourselves with the forces of peace. America wields a mighty power. That she would use it cravenly, ignominiously is unthinkable. That she shall use it intelligently, purposefully, and generously is yet within our power to decide.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HOW pitiful and yet how inspiring is the plight of our rich men! They give us their word that they are being taxed to death, that they are down to their last yachts and last half-dozen automobiles. Some have even been compelled to abandon those delightful places in the Carolinas at which they were wont to sojourn for a few weeks on the way from their Palm Beach or Miami homes to their city houses, which are such pleasant stopping places on the road to Newport or Europe. Yet I note with regret that some uncomprehending persons are a bit puzzled. For side by side with the complaints of these once prosperous men, who were so invaluable to the country because of the savings with which they bought into many companies and created new ones, there are constant press references to the fact that these gentlemen are spending considerable amounts to extinguish the further political aspirations of Franklin Roosevelt. Wherever Senator Black's committee of investigation has dug into the finances of our militant, pro-liberty organizations, the same generous names recur. Lammot du Pont, Irénée du Pont, Pierre du Pont, and all the other du Ponts big and little, John J. Raskob, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., Thomas L. Chadbourne, William T. Geist, the Pitcairn family, which put up a trifling $103,000 for the Sentinels of the Republic—some of these impoverished people are always to be found donating from $5,000 to $50,000 to some fine anti-Roosevelt organization such as the Liberty League, the Farmers' Independence Council, the Sentinels, or the convention called by the precious governor of Georgia, Eugene Talmadge, to denounce the Washington Administration. Some scoffers and cynics are so mistaken as to declare that the complaints and the gifts are incompatible.

Now the real truth about this seeming inconsistency is that there is no inconsistency at all and that we have never witnessed nobler patriotism or greater self-sacrifice. I declare this because, according to their own statements, these men and women no longer have income enough to live well and therefore they must be dipping into their capital in order to let the American people know just what is being done to our beloved country by the Communists and Socialists now in charge of the government in Washington. These patriots are digging into their jeans with greater disregard of their own interests than they displayed in buying Liberty Bonds during the World War. For Liberty Bonds gave a handsome return, and Liberty Leagues do not produce dividends except in heaven. Contributions to them may not even be deducted from one's income-tax returns. Yet these noble souls who are literally being taxed out of existence must be throwing stocks and bonds overboard no matter what their losses.

If one goes to Florida—I have just returned from there—one is more than ever struck by the public spirit of these much-abused people. I was taken over one of the most important clubs, one which has room for 450 people to whose comfort and pleasure 475 managers, servants, and workmen cater. It is as luxurious a place as I have ever seen on this continent. The initiation fee is reported to be $5,000 and the annual dues $1,000. Yet this club was crowded to the doors throughout the season and is rejoicing that it made money and a lot of it. The minimum rate for a room was quoted at $20 a day without meals. When I entered this garish palace with its wonderful flowers, exotic landscaping, and exquisite beach club on the ocean, I supposed that all of this was merely to give the patrons a good time. Nothing of the kind. It appears that those 450 guests went down there and sacrificed themselves just in order that those 475 workers might have well-paid jobs from January 1 to April 1 and not be obliged to go on the dole. With this information it was easy for me to realize that the enormous amount of building going on at Miami and Palm Beach does not mean that the rich are richer and are saving large sums above their taxes and living expenses. No, indeed! Those superb houses are being built solely in order that the building trades in Florida may flourish and that the local communities and the federal government will not have to support in idleness thousands of bricklayers, cement mixers, steel workers, and others. So with the gambling hells, the racetracks for dogs and horses, and the other institutions of pleasure against which, in Jacksonville, a group of benighted and prudish ministers has just publicly protested. They do not understand that the patrons of these brothels and gambling houses, for example, are determined that the owners and the attendants shall not be a burden upon the communities. These priests had much better show the cooperative spirit of certain members of the Coast Guard service in Florida who obligingly receive over the government telephone and forward innumerable orders for reservations for dinner and supper at a most prosperous, open, and aboveboard gambling institution of the highest quality.

Unquestionably Florida has cleared its skirts of the panic and depression. It is back now not to 1929, when the great boom had already burst, but to the year 1926, when everything was in full swing and there were suckers in plenty to buy every lot, however deep under water or remote in the swamps. Now if our embattled rich can do all this for a single state in their present straitened circumstances, what would they not do if the crazy man in the White House, as they call him, would give them a free hand? Isn't it obvious that through their self-sacrifice and patriotism they would exorcise the rest of the depression from every part of this land of the free—and the equal?

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BROUN'S PAGE

THE effrontery of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association becomes so amazing that any critic must stop and take a deep breath before he tries to answer. An argument may be made that Senatorial investigating committees might actually harm individual liberties by punitive fishing expeditions, but I fail to see any action on the part of the Black committee which impairs in any way the right of William Randolph Hearst to continue to print those things which seem to him helpful to his interests. In any strict sense of the phrase the publisher's quarrel with Black has nothing on earth to do with "the freedom of the press."

Nor do I believe that the attempt to look into Mr. Hearst's correspondence with his editors may justly be called an aimless fishing expedition. The black backs of shark and barracuda have been plainly seen leaping in the waters around San Simeon. It is palpable that the Hearst papers gave great aid and comfort to the Talmadge movement, and while the publisher now disclaims any interest in the Liberty League and its satellites, the Hearst drive made the formation of all these organizations possible. Let me see, just how long ago was it that William Randolph Hearst offered the Presidency on a platter to Al Smith?

The Black committee has already dug up correspondence indicating a desire on the part of so-called patriotic groups to lead an anti-Semitic movement. One supporter of "our American traditions" has expressed the belief that the country needs a Hitler. With this promising beginning there surely should be no effort to check the further activities of the committee. And where should it look? The cowboy found his missing pinto by trying to think of what he would do if he were a horse. Anybody who is interested in finding the prime source of the Nazi movement in America might well consider just what he would do if he were a Hearst.

It is strange and tragic that the lord of San Simeon can muster to his support the newspaper owners of America as a gang of chestnut pullers. I am not the most friendly critic of the American press. I accept the dictum that newspapers do not speak for big business but rather constitute big business. And yet I know men in leading positions in the newspaper industry who genuinely fear fascism in this country and who honestly want to fight against it. Just why they consent to become catspaws for William Randolph Hearst is to me mysterious. Perhaps they are believers in that ancient and unfortunate adage that consistency is a jewel. Believing that some Senate committee some day might go too far, they leap in now to defend the privacy of that great defender of American privacy William Randolph Hearst. People who live by slogans should be reminded that there is a better adage than the one about the gem-like quality of consistency. It runs, "Circumstances alter cases."

Intelligent publishers should divorce their interests from those of Hearst. It is true that the American public grows increasingly skeptical of the fairness and accuracy of our press. Some editors who thoroughly hate Hearst still refrain from criticizing him on the ground that "anything said about one editor reflects on all editors." But they lose sight of the fact that even if no criticism of Hearst came to the eyes and ears of the public the protest against his kind of propaganda would grow. Mr. Hearst is his own severest critic. He prints and flaunts the case against himself in every edition of every one of his papers every day. What he is screams so loudly from above his head that what he says hardly matters.

Recently Mr. Hearst engaged Harvey J. Kelly to act as his labor-relations adviser. I believe Mr. Kelly does not actually take up his new job for another few months, but he tried his hand in Milwaukee and killed, or at least failed to keep alive, a basis of settlement which had been agreed to by both sides. The management withdrew its offer in spite of having made a definite promise. Speaking at the American Newspaper Publishers' Association on the subject of "new organizations," Mr. Kelly dealt with the guild, although not by name, by referring to "newly organized, inexperienced groups, with more zeal than judgment, pulling minority walkouts without first consulting experienced union leaders, and then clamoring for sympathetic walkouts."

This is somewhat ironical because it was Mr. Kelly, acting as agent of Hearst, who upset the settlement of the guild strike in Milwaukee. And the basis of that settlement, to which Mr. Black, the publisher, had agreed, was that the working conditions agreed on should be witnessed by the leaders of the A. F. of L. in the city of Milwaukee. It had been openly said by guild leaders that we were not only willing but eager to accept the role of wards of the A. F. of L. since we felt certain that our application for membership would be before that body in June. The very same publishers who talk of the guild's not seeking counsel from experienced labor leaders are the very ones who say, "Don't you realize that it would be fatal for you boys to go into the American Federation of Labor?"

From the very beginning the guild has sought counsel. At our first appearance in public we asked Charles Howard of the I. T. U. to speak for us, as he did, and so did Vice-President Morrison. John L. Lewis has been generous in support and counsel, and in every guild difficulty William Green has asked labor to support us. President Green has given constant help during the Milwaukee strike.

Mr. Kelly hardly has the good of the guild in mind when he tries to drive a wedge between organized labor and the guild. Still it must be admitted that William Randolph Hearst has done much to unify labor. He has provided in himself the full and perfect symbol for the anti-labor movement.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE NOT SO HOPELESS MOVIES

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ONE of the best—and I fear one of the best-known—of modern literary anecdotes is that which concerns the conversation alleged to have occurred between Bernard Shaw and Mr. Goldwyn of Hollywood, who had come to explain why the sage of Adelphi should assign to Mr. Goldwyn the movie rights to his plays. After listening patiently to a discourse upon the Mission of the Films, Shaw is said to have concluded the interview thus: "I'm afraid, Mr. Goldwyn, that we shall never get together. So far as I can see, you are interested in nothing except art while I, of course, am interested in nothing but money."

Cant of the sort here attributed to the semi-legendary Mr. Goldwyn has been so persistent in the movie industry that even cynicism is a relief, and one's first impulse after reading the address "Popular Art and Profit in Motion Pictures" recently delivered at New York University by Howard S. Cullman, trustee in bankruptcy and manager of the Roxy Theater, is to thank God for at least one honest man at last. With suave candor Mr. Cullman takes the Shavian position, and though I believe that he is only half right at best, he deserves the floor.

The Roxy Theater has 6,200 seats, and that, according to Mr. Cullman, is the crucial fact. It means that what it has to offer must appeal to the whole cross-section of the city's population, and this fact in turn means something else. The film that in one week must entertain some hundred thousand New Yorkers must be understood by the lowest as well as the highest intelligence in the audience, for "that which is difficult to grasp is, by its very nature, not amusing." Moreover, "although mass entertainment should not necessitate thought, it must cause emotional excitation of some kind. . . . Endless reiteration on the screen, unlike life, does not appear in any way to dull the potency of these sensations. Like a really comfortable shoe, a really first-rate emotion seems to have an enduring appeal." It follows therefore that the efficient manager will take care that the same simple, easily grasped emotions shall be repeated endlessly. And of course any manager who is not efficient will soon find the necessity of choosing another vocation.

On the other hand, the great public does appreciate technical skill. It wants the simple ingredients utilized as elaborately and as adroitly as possible. For this reason the efficiency of the movies is constantly increasing, and the manager is quick to recognize what the public will recognize also. In a sense "David Copperfield" is a far better picture than "The Birth of a Nation," but it is better only as an industrial product is better after years of mechanical experimentation.

> As a business, the motion-picture industry has, to a very large extent, learned its lesson. It has discovered that good merchandise must be built to sound ingredients. . . . The prospect is encouraging to those of us who are interested in an adequate supply of salable popular entertainment. For those who cherish hopes of a cinematographic art acceptable to aesthetes and intellectuals the situation appears less promising. They can expect to find on the screen a progressively improved brand of amusement, utilizing each year the talents of an increasing number of gifted individuals. They will find plenty of hearty laughs and abundance of breath-taking thrills; but for their moments of true mental and spiritual stimulation I fear they will have to hie themselves to the concert halls, theaters, and museums, wherein flourish the true arts.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Cullman's dismal conclusions, it will hardly be denied that he has described with admirable force and clarity two of the chief obstacles to the aesthetic development of the moving picture. It is subject to whatever limitations are inherent in the nature of any art having a mass appeal, and these limitations are made unusually rigid because the unparalleled costliness of motion-picture production makes it well-nigh impossible for the best-intentioned of producers to indulge any quixotic impulses. But does that mean, as Mr. Cullman seems to imply, that an aesthetically admirable motion picture cannot possibly be produced under present conditions? Does it mean that no such motion picture ever has been produced? And if it does not mean that, then where is the flaw in the argument? Through what loophole have a few admirable pictures slipped, even, perhaps, into the Roxy itself?

The answer to these questions is almost distressingly simple, and I must apologize in advance for any lack of ingenuity in proposing a solution so devoid of complexity. It is simply this: the aesthetic limitations imposed by the necessity of mass appeal are not quite so absolute as Mr. Cullman implies. There is no doubt that the great public has an insatiable appetite for the second-rate and worse. There is no doubt about the fact that the popular in art is, nine times out of ten, mere trash. But the whole history of literature and drama, to say nothing of the short history of the motion picture itself, cries out against the assumption that *only* trash is ever popular. Does it really need to be pointed out once more that all the evidence we have seems to indicate that, in his role of manager at least, Shakespeare was at one with Mr. Cullman and Mr. Shaw and against the resplendent idealism of Mr. Goldwyn and his kind?

Let me be sure, however, that I am making myself perfectly clear. I am by no means indulging the romantic

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notion that "the people always appreciate the best" or misapplying in the usual fashion the dictum that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The necessity of achieving a mass appeal does impose tremendous limitations upon the artist. At any given moment there are more kinds of excellence which the great public will not accept than there are kinds which it will. This great public is both stubborn and capricious, often appallingly unwilling or incapable of transcending the prejudices of the moment. But the artist does not always find it impossible to achieve great work within the limitations which are at the instant inexorable. What popular prejudice do the films of Charlie Chaplin or the animated cartoons of Walt Disney outrage? In what way do they fail to meet the requirements set by Mr. Cullman? As a matter of fact, they fit the common denominator of the mass mind to perfection. But to me, at least, they are obviously art and possessed of a genuine aesthetic value.

I am aware, of course, that a more usual reply to Mr. Cullman would take the form of a temporary agreement with his argument followed by the remark that the condition which he describes "is inevitable under the capitalist system." Under collectivism, on the contrary, the necessity for mass appeal would constitute an assurance of artistic health, and through the projection machines of a hundred thousand movie palaces would run mile after mile of masterpieces in uninterrupted succession. For the moment, however, I am not dreaming of Utopia but striving only for a less completely dismal view of the cinema's future, and I think that the prospect is not quite so unrelieved as Mr. Cullman imagines. Its greatest achievements, like the films of Chaplin and Disney, will be unpredictable miracles—the work of artists who, probably more by instinct than by design, manage somehow to achieve art while respecting the limitations of the audience. Meanwhile most moving pictures will continue to be, for the present at least, distressing affairs. But can much more be said of most plays or most novels or most poems or most pictures?

Moments

Granville Hicks Gets Them All Under the Same Robe

BOOKS

Form and Material

SPRING STORM. By Alvin Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. JOHNSON raises a question of great interest in his note to the publisher of this novel. "Perhaps," he says, "I ought to offer an apology to the craft of novelists for my apparent presumption in breaking into their mystery. I was once an ardent classical scholar; then an economic theorist; then an editor of a liberal journal; then an encyclopedist; then an educational administrator: what training could such a career offer for serious fiction? The history of literature has, however, reserved a modest place to the outsider. At least he has from time to time brought into literature additional material. The craft itself is the guardian of form; but form takes on life only when abundant and appropriate material is at hand."

Mr. Johnson probably does not mean by form a sort of mold kept somewhere in hiding—a fragile shell around which members of the craft huddle their bodies so that no breath of outdoor air will blow in and shatter it. By recognizing that form can take on life he makes his bow to the difficulty which any serious critic encounters as soon as he tries to consider form and material as separate things. Mr. Johnson knows that they are not separate things. Yet a vestige of the distinction remains in what he says, and this residuum of respect for the form of fiction is a key to the very interesting quality of his novel. It explains why "Spring Storm" is less unlike other novels than one might suppose; for it suggests that there was a form in Mr. Johnson's mind which he was trying to make his material fit.

Of novels written by novelists, whoever those ladies and gentlemen may be, it is seldom or never possible to speak in such fashion. Far from guarding the form, they seem bent upon its destruction. Extensions of the mold have usually occurred within the craft; an artist is a person who has at the same time the greatest respect for tradition and no respect for it whatever. Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Jane Austen, Scott, Balzac, Dickens, Meredith, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Proust, Mann, Joyce, Dreiser, Lewis—what were their forms

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before they wrote, and what are their forms now? It is hard to say, for it is hard to see anything in their books beyond the contents. It is the contents that have life, just as it is the contents of Shakespeare's "Henry IV" that we continue to be interested in; but Shakespeare destroyed a form in order to write "Henry IV." The chronicle play was never the same again; Falstaff had blown in and shattered the shell beyond recovery. "Outsiders," to use Mr. Johnson's too modest term, almost never have this kind of courage; they seldom know enough about form to know that it exists merely to be destroyed. They are like the unlettered layman who takes pen in hand. We think he will write interestingly because he is interesting. But the chances are that his awe of the craft will prevent him from saying very much, and that what he does say will be stilted or trivial.

But I have been arguing with Mr. Johnson instead of describing his novel, which if stilted is not trivial. It is stilted, I think, whenever it is romantic—whenever Mr. Johnson, remembering some form of fiction from his earlier reading, has felt that it should be so. There is nothing the matter with being romantic, but "Spring Storm" is probably not the place. All that portion of Mr. Johnson's story which deals with the Benders—idyllic outcasts who live down by the river in a perpetual haze of pure-heartedness, and one of whom, Dut Bates, is a convenient Horatio to the hero's Hamlet—is unconvincing; and certainly it lacks the air of being material brought in from the veritable world by an outsider to the craft. It has its attractions, but they are not pertinent to the real business of the book, which is to tell the story of a Nebraska farm and of the boy who grows up on it, both as farmer and as lover, until a train takes him away in the last chapter to college. Julian Howard's gradual discovery of what his father never knows, namely, that an American farm is not something for a man to play with but rather something that plays with men, is pursued by Mr. Johnson with a patient and accurate eye; and the sayings of Henry Millsbaugh, Julian's tough old neighbor, are appropriately the best single things in the book.

It is through Henry again, if indirectly, that Julian learns about love; for it is his young wife with whom the boy gets lost in the storms of spring. Here Mr. Johnson is both convincing and expert. We never know more about Elizabeth than Julian knows, but that is right; for he suffers quite as much from her limitations as he does from the disturbance within. It is one of the best love stories in recent fiction, and it does not need any support at all from the improbable Benders. They are the form. It is the material.

MARK VAN DOREN

Bryan: A Friendly Portrait

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. By Wayne C. Williams. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

WHILE William Jennings Bryan was at home in the Chautauqua tent or on the convention platform, he was awkward in a top hat, and never mastered the minor graces of drawing-room diplomacy or tea-cup politics; hence for forty years the *haut monde* sneered at him. Nor was he more fortunate in his early biographers. Paxton Hibben, who had followed John Reed into communism, had no basic sympathy for an old-style progressive Democrat who wanted to amend the old order but not to destroy it. Suppressing some facts and distorting others, Hibben gave the picture of an amiable failure who never knew what the shooting was all

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about. To M. R. Werner, who used Bryan as a sequel to his Barnum book, the significant things about him were vaudevillian—his slovenliness in dress, his gargantuan appetite, his memory for names and faces, his tricks of speech and platform presentation. His Bryan was the politician on the flying trapeze.

This new volume by Wayne C. Williams gives a much more valid picture of America's "Great Commoner." Williams, like Bryan, was born in rural Illinois, studied law there, and went West to carve out a career. In Colorado he became a Democratic progressive and was in the thick of the struggle against Denver's Tammany. To him farmers' revolts, the menace of Wall Street, the rights of the people were all real and important. This background and understanding have illumined his book.

Historians seeking a central character on whose career to focus the American political mood and movement from 1896 to 1916 will find Bryan an appropriate selection. One merit of this book is that it puts him in proper focus as the characteristic figure of his times—this despite the fact that it is not the book of an objective historian but that of a warm personal friend, armed with intimate knowledge, presenting a personal brief. The book is furthermore marred by clumsiness of construction, and the author's proofreaders have served him badly. But for all this, it is the best volume yet on Bryan.

Those whose personal knowledge of Bryan was gained in his last ten years will have their estimate of him altered by Mr. Williams's picture of the "Peerless Leader" of 1890-1905. I myself first saw Bryan at the Baltimore convention of 1912, when he seemed a weather-beaten giant. I last saw him at Dayton in 1925, responding to Clarence Darrow's savage thrusts by an irritated insistence upon the Bible's syllabic inspiration; in this tragic anti-climax his strength and persuasiveness could not conceal the erosions of time and disappointment. But the Bryan of 1896—there was a man! Mr. Williams describes his mien as that of a young Greek god; his health and strength were equal to any effort; his personality powerfully attracted the few who sat in conferences and the thousands who heard and cheered; his voice was a magnificent speaking instrument, ranking above that of Fisher Ames, Daniel Webster, Stephen A. Douglas, or Robert Ingersoll. Furthermore, the people who heard him speak responded at the ballot box, and the change of 19,436 votes in six states would have given him an electoral-college majority. It has been suggested that had the radio been invented thirty years earlier all America would have heard his voice and he would have been elected President.

And yet, while Bryan never won the Presidency, he had a more profound influence upon our national development than did three-fourths of our White House occupants. For a while he seemed destined to be an American William Pitt; and then for a while he seemed hopelessly repudiated. In 1912 he renounced an active personal ambition and created a convention crisis to effect the nomination of one theretofore none too friendly to him. Bryan loved power; and yet two years after becoming Secretary of State he resigned his office because he had become convinced that Wilson's policy was leading the nation into war.

Until this time Bryan was in his proper orbit. From 1896 to 1912 the Democratic Party was a Bryan party, and even after Wilson's election hundreds of thousands continued to look to the Commoner as the fount of political grace. But after the outbreak of the war Bryan's title as one of the national guides was negatived by the logic of events. Those who remember Bryan only in eclipse should examine the impressive list of reforms in which he led the way. In 1890 he began advocating the direct election of United States Senators; in his first year as Secretary of State he proclaimed it a part of the federal Constitution. When the Supreme Court voided the income-tax law of 1894, which Bryan had helped to frame, he led the successful fight for an income-tax amendment. His efforts paved the way for pre-election publicity for campaign contributions. He framed the provision restoring to the government the sole right to issue money, and championed the guaranty of bank deposits. Thirty-six years after his Presidential race against imperialism, a program for Philippine independence is being carried into effect. His was a voice crying in the wilderness against prohibitive tariffs; now the country is turning toward restored international trade.

Bryan had four major failures: free silver, world peace, prohibition, and anti-evolution. Bimetallism would have remained a major issue had not new discoveries of gold greatly increased the world stock. The World War destroyed the fabric of his peace plans, but modern critics are coming to the conclusion that Bryan saw more clearly than Wilson how to keep America out of war. From the start national prohibition was sabotaged by indifferent or corrupt administration, and by the time of Bryan's death the people were withdrawing their consent. The new science and the new doubt disturbed him immensely, and in the twilight of his life he entered the battle against evolution. Dayton was as significant of the man as were the Cross of Gold speech at Chicago or the Morgan-Belmont-Bryan-Murphy resolution at Baltimore. For Bryan's greatness was in feeling. While his mind was in many ways keen and competent, he employed it to implement his emotional reactions, and his ability to reflect and champion the feelings of the masses gives him his chief significance.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Huxley Evaluated

ALDOUS HUXLEY. By Alexander Henderson. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE problem of Aldous Huxley remains essentially one of integration. Today his literary personality is as unacceptable to well-integrated Marxists as it has always been to well-integrated bourgeois. When Huxley in his satire demolishes the world about him, they ask—and not without a certain justice—"Yes, but what then?" Instead of a thoroughgoing answer they get an ironic, almost Dostoevskian dualism, tinging morality with mockery and comedy with fundamental earnestness. They are not satisfied, and *in toto* they reject him; he is to them "confused."

But to Mr. Henderson it is they who are confused and not Huxley, and in this study he attempts to set them straight. "Intellectually he was a Voltairean, emotionally a Bunyanite." That description of a character in the story "Happily Ever After" seems to him also to fit Huxley—at least at an earlier stage of his development. How otherwise account for his esteem for D. H. Lawrence and his willingness to join Lawrence in his naive plans for founding a Utopia in Florida? The plan, of course, fell through, but later they both found Taos, and even as late as in "Brave New World" Huxley concocts a Noble Savage out of Taos to confound the scientific "barbarians of the intellect" who are replacing the Christian "barbarians of the soul."

This brings us to what Mr. Henderson accepts as Huxley's expressed philosophy, "life-worship"—that is, the humbling of the intellect to admit the claims of the viscera. A feeble

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palliative, to say the least, for the "Jesus's disease and Newton's disease and Henry Ford's disease" from which, according to Huxley, we now are suffering. And I think Mr. Henderson feels this himself, for he later writes that in the last few years Huxley has shown "such an acute concern for . . . social organization and such a disgust at existing methods" that it will not be surprising if he eventually follows the example of Gide and Malraux and espouses communism.

As a critical biographer Mr. Henderson has done his work surprisingly well, though he is by no means convincing as an exponent of the consistency of Huxley's philosophy. He would have done better, I think, to have stifled his own psychology in parts of his book, for he has a tendency to make unwarranted generalizations with which I doubt that Huxley would agree. ("The man desires to express his dominance by inflicting a measure of pain, and the woman equally desires to feel pain, desires to be dominated, to be a sacrifice . . . ." This, in spite of his talk of communism!) But in the main he has produced an objective, keenly analytical study. If he is blind to the defects of Huxley's slight and frequently overdistilled poetry and tends to overestimate the worth of his lesser novels —especially "Brave New World"—he compensates for his lack by a brilliant dissection of "Point Counter Point" and a full appreciation of Huxley's richly felicitous style.

LEIGH WHITE

Poet in Search of a Public

A TIME TO DANCE. By C. Day Lewis. Random House. $1.75.

"THE contemporary writer," says Day Lewis in one of the three essays that accompany the poems in this volume, "has the opportunity of a more widespread influence than the writer of any other period." On the face of it this statement appears, to put it mildly, sanguine. Day Lewis himself makes some important qualifications; he recognizes that the writer today has to compete with other entertainers, such as the newspapers, the movies and the radio, in greater variety and stridency than before, and that these rivals have a head start on him. The writer's "opportunity," then, consists in the fact that he is needed rather than wanted. He is needed not only, as always, to provide refreshment for the emotional life but because now the other agencies, such as those of religion, which traditionally have shown people how to live can no longer exert leadership; and also because the serious writer, being relatively freer from domination by reactionary interests than other leaders of opinion, can help to guide the masses toward a new society. How, then, can this need be shaped into a desire for his services?

Until fundamental social changes occur, Day Lewis intimates, the answer to this question rests with the writers themselves. They must make their potential large audiences want them, and this will not be the work of a day. If his own poems in this volume be taken as experiments toward that end, they must be pronounced inept. The two long poems are written in forms suggested by types of art that have appealed to large groups. Noah and the Waters, its author says, was begun as the book for a choral ballet; it developed into something like a medieval morality play, but is not, he confesses, suited to the modern stage. The title piece, A Time to Dance, which is billed as a symphonic poem, is like a symphony only in that it is composed of movements without thematic connection; it could hardly be orchestrated for the concert hall. Under present circumstances the only solution for Day Lewis's

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- In 88 North Dakota towns in which there are cooperative oil stations the average sales of "co-op" stations is 195,000 gallons a year. The yearly average of privately owned stations in those same towns is 98,000 gallons.
- The Freeborn Co. Cooperative Oil Co. of Albert Lea, Minn., was formed in 1925 with a capital of $500. During ten years it has increased its capital by less than $12,000, BUT its assets are now $125,000, and it has paid back to its members $250,000 in patronage refunds.
- In Cloquet, Minn., a cooperative society did a business last year of approximately a million dollars. Also, it drove two "chains" out of town.
- In Amarillo, Tex., the Consumers' Cooperatives, Associated, operating in the Texas Panhandle, New Mexico and Oklahoma, did a business in 1934 of $4,000,000.
- The nation's first cooperative college will be opened in Kansas City in the fall of 1936.
- In New York the Consumers' Cooperative Services began with $3,100 of borrowed capital. Last year its cafeterias did a business of $395,000 and returned net earnings of $18,000 to the consumer members. These cafeterias paid higher wages than those fixed in the recent NRA code.
- In Elk City, Okla., a cooperative hospital will, for an annual fee of $25, provide for a family of four, periodic medical examinations, treatments, surgical operations, dental care—plus room, board and nursing when needed.
- The Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Co. has in ten years built up assets of $4,000,000 with a cash surplus of $550,000 and a membership of 160,000.
- A capital of $20 started the Credit Union in the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. seventeen years ago. In 1934 the eight credit unions within the company made loans of more than $1,500,000.

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problem, if there be one, is for the poet to master the technique of the existing popular arts and to seek to transform them. In its flourishing times poetry as a public representation has always grown out of something else.

Preoccupied with such matters, Day Lewis has produced a volume that is not up to the standard of his previous work. It contains a few splendid passages and poems that are interesting in conception, but the vigor and the sustained lyricism of his Magnetic Mountain are absent. He has succeeded most consistently with satire, as in these lines from his bitter parody on "Come live with me and be my love":

> I'll handle dainties on the docks
> And thou shalt read of summer frocks:
> At evening by the sour canals
> We'll hope to hear some madrigals.
>
> Care on thy maiden brow shall put
> A wreath of wrinkles, and thy foot
> Be shod with pain: not silken dress
> But toil shall tire thy loveliness.

Where he seems to be condescending anxiously to the popular taste, as in the saga on the Parer-M'Intosh flight and in the radio ballads of the title poem, he produces merely a diluted imitation of his best verse. PHILIP BLAIR RICE

The Cultural Impact

CRITERIA FOR THE LIFE HISTORY: WITH AN ANALYSIS OF SIX NOTABLE DOCUMENTS. By John Dollard. Yale University Press. $2.50.

"CRITERIA FOR THE LIFE HISTORY" is a landmark in the study of personality and culture, a field of social research which has been slowly emerging since 1927. In the social sciences and on their articulate and intelligent periphery there have been rumblings of a more inclusive and systematic attack upon the relationship of human personality to its biological determinants on the one hand, and to the social environment on the other. The biologists, the psychologists, the psychiatrists, the sociologists, and the social anthropologists have been enlisted in an attempt to solve the problem: How does personality grow in culture?

In 1932 a group of distingushed foreign students representing different countries and different disciplines were gathered at Yale University in a seminar to discuss this problem. Dr. Dollard was assistant director of the seminar, and the present book is the fruit of these discussions and of subsequent research work. It represents a well-disciplined attempt to make a new subject completely intelligible to minds accustomed to thinking along diverse and even antagonistic lines.

The book represents primarily a way of thinking, a flexible and consistent frame of reference within which all who are in any way interested in how life-history materials may increase our understanding of human personality can orient themselves. Dr. Dollard takes six famous case histories: "Miss R," from Adler; "31 Contacts with a Seven-Year-Old Boy," by Taft; "Little Hans," from Freud; "The Life Record of an Immigrant," from Thomas Znaniecki; "The Jack Roller," by Shaw; and Wells's "Autobiography." He subjects each of these to a set of criteria: (1) "The subject must be viewed as a specimen in a cultural series." (2) "The organic motives of action ascribed must be socially relevant." (3) "The peculiar role of the family group in transmitting the culture must be recognized." (4) "The specific method of elaboration of organic materials in the social behavior must be shown." (5) "The continuous related character of experience from childhood through adulthood must be stressed." (6) "The social situation must be carefully and continuously specified as a factor." (7) "The life-history material itself must be organized and conceptualized."

Within as carefully integrated a frame as this, a great deal of first-class thinking can be done about the life-history materials which are daily presented to us as social documents, and about the premises of the various psychological and socio-economic schools, each of which habitually presents a one-sided approach to human beings, with at the most lip-service to the others. The recent flair for biography and socio-psychological interpretation of the lives of the great can also be informed and deepened by attention to Dr. Dollard's criteria. If the reader wishes to consider the significance of the reported decrease of manic-depressive psychoses in Russia, or the relationship between unemployment, housing shortage, and subsequent character formation, or the reason why a famous family of actors has boasted so many distinguished names—here are the tools with which to approach these problems.

The book is unique in that it is not a pronouncement about social phenomena but an invitation to think courageously and incisively about them. It does not say: This is the answer; and then deal out a series of platitudes which will lose their significance in a year. Instead, it says: We think that the life history is an excellent way of attacking our problem. What are the requirements of a good life history? How have the great attempts to date to use this kind of material succeeded or failed? What can we learn from their successes or failures?

Dr. Dollard has neither reprinted nor summarized the life-history material which he criticizes. It is implicit in his treatment that the reader will have read all or some of the famous documents. And this is the method that should be followed. The book is a manual to place beside one's book shelf for continuous reference, and conversely it should be read with that book shelf at hand. The importance of this approach consists in the fact that with the illumination gained from criticizing one assorted set of "notable documents" one comes to no dead end but rather to a fascinating, still unexplored country, armed with a first-class compass.

Dr. Dollard has focused his discussion on the importance of the cultural impact upon the organism. He has dealt somewhat cursorily with the idiosyncratic aspects of personality. The reader may feel the need of taking into consideration specific traits that can be attributed to heredity, such as physique, and also the factor of accident in an individual human life. But this is easily done, for here is no pompous ex cathedra statement but an honest working tool, shaped to the mind of the socially inquiring. No one among the socially inquiring can afford to be without it. MARGARET MEAD

The Nijinsky Legend

THE TRAGEDY OF NIJINSKY. By Anatole Bourman and D. Lyman. Whittlesey House. $3.

THE Nijinsky myth continues to grow. Now his old friend and schoolmate, Anatole Bourman, has pronounced him "the greatest dancer who ever lived, perhaps the greatest who ever will live." Once the tentative shadow of doubt is lifted from this ultimate superlative, there will be nothing left to do but canonize him.

It is nineteen years since Nijinsky's career came to an end. It covered in all a period of only nine years, and two of these

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were spent in internment during the war. Of his total achievement as a creator, two ballets won a *succès de scandale,* one was a mild fiasco, and the other was something of a catastrophe. Only one managed to survive its first season, and none has outlived its generation. Of his brilliant dancing, obviously nothing remains. All this supplies scant material for a legend, and doubtless none would ever have arisen but for his romantic personal story with its perverted sex aspects and its grotesque end.

The Bourman memoir, however, steers clear of sensationalism; its accent is rather threnodic and tends to make its subject a kind of choreographic Chatterton. Its chief interest lies in the picturesque anecdotes of student life in "Theater Street"; after the two boys have been graduated and Nijinsky begins to have a career, he passes more and more out of Bourman's sphere, and out of his own biography.

In an afterword Bourman explains that he has written the book "because no other living person can clear the life I know so well of the unjust criticisms I have read." In the light of the results one wonders what unjust criticisms the author could have had in mind, for he certainly does nothing to soften the final picture. He makes his hero slow, dull-witted, erratic, susceptible to flattery and outside influences of all sorts. Though he touches very lightly on the subject of abnormal sex relations, he makes no effort to deny them. Certainly no one has ever been unjustly critical of Nijinsky's dancing; of his compositions, Bourman disparages two and omits all mention of the other two. He has no opinion to express of the strange marriage. In matters that did not involve him personally he has apparently done no research. The book as a whole, therefore, turns out to be rather a protestation of his friendship than a defense of his friend.

Occasionally the author's accuracy is not beyond reproach. For example, speaking of the revolution of 1905, he says that the agitation within the ballet was "conducted by the least attractive members of the company, who went about wearing serious faces and dirty linen." This seems a singular description of Fokine, Pavlova, and Karsavina, who, according to Karsavina's memoirs, were active in the movement. Again, he claims that Nijinsky was the only dancer to achieve the *entrechat-dix,* though as a matter of fact Paul Haakon has also managed this bit of technical virtuosity. But the most extraordinary technical claim made for Nijinsky is that "he used to lie on his back, prone on the floor," which assuredly is a trick without precedent.

The book has been written with the collaboration of D. Lyman. It is readable, sentimental, and, except for the two hitherto unpublished photographs it contains, altogether unimportant.

JOHN MARTIN

Shorter Notices

AMERICA GOES TO PRESS. By Laurence Greene. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.75.

Amusement, excitement, and considerable raw food for thought are supplied by Laurence Greene's "America Goes to Press," a scrapbook of the big news stories from the time a few radical subjects of a foreign king threw tea into a harbor rather than pay an unjust tax until a complacent people heard about a shot at Sarajevo and were told (by the old New York *Sun*) that the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand was "calculated to diminish the tenseness of the situation and to make for peace." Between these events appear most of the streamer items in our history, such as the Battle of Lexington, the discovery of gold,

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John Brown's raid, the Monitor and the Virginia (née Merrimac), Lee's surrender, the Chicago fire, the Custer massacre, the blizzard of 1888, the Johnstown flood of 1889, the Maine, the Titanic. History in the making is served hot off the griddle, and although the reader may frequently burn himself with such dishes, no more exciting fare has been offered the American public in years. If the lay reader gets one-tenth the amusement which this reviewer got out of it he will be more than repaid. Of the four absolutes of journalism, three—conflict, money, and blood (or violence)—dominate the book, the fourth, sex, being only slightly represented, notably in the story of Stanford White, which coincides with the heyday of yellow journalism and prepares us for tabloids. Since the author disarms reviewers in his preface, one cannot attack him for the omission of footnotes correcting the numerous errors which the contemporary reporters made, or for not showing the proper relationship of this news to history. But 375 pages is not enough: if Mr. Greene produces several more volumes and edits them critically he will give us a work as valuable as the present volume is thrilling.

SYCAMORE SHORES. By Clark B. Firestone. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

This is a book about the Ohio River and its many tributaries; about the water in these rivers, the boats that go slowly up and down between Pittsburgh and Cairo, the life along the shores, and the history of the valley. Mr. Firestone is that attractive and enthusiastic thing, an amateur historian. He has seen all that packet boats could show him of eighteen rivers; he has saturated himself with the lore of their present life; and he has studied their past. The result is an entertaining and informing book, and one which stimulates a desire in the reader to do something of what Mr. Firestone has done—to float down at least a portion of the Ohio on one of the steamboats which still blow their melodious whistles and turn in to shore at the wave of a lantern on a dark night. To do such a thing would be to understand at once a great deal of American history; particularly if "Sycamore Shores" were taken on board in the capacity of the reference work which it so delightfully is.

THEATRES

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—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

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DRAMA

"Dulce et Decorum"

"BURY THE DEAD," a new play against war at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, is based on a conceit of originality and power. Six men just laid in their new dug graves by a weary detachment of fellow-soldiers rise slowly to their feet and with quiet persistence refuse to submit to the final indignity—dirt on their faces. They are dead all right. There is no doubt about that. But they won't be buried and they won't lie still no matter how anxious the living may be to have them covered, and forgotten, and quiet at last.

The men ordered to bury the rebellious corpses are struck with terror. So, too, are the captain who comes to investigate, the general who appeals to their sense of duty, and the six women who are brought as a last resort to give their various reasons why the dead, once they are dead, should cease from troubling those living to whom alone the earth belongs. But terrified though they all are, they are not really surprised. Something of the sort, they knew, was bound to happen. Too many people have been killed and too many have been buried. Earth herself has rebelled. She will not receive any more of her children dead before their time, and dead men will submit no longer even to death itself. One of the six has a vision of a better world. The other five merely know that they have never seen nor heard nor felt what they were destined to see and to hear and to feel. They are dead and it can't be helped. But the living must not be permitted to forget them or to suppose that they found it sweet and proper to die. "De profundis clamavi."

If only the play as a whole were as original and arresting as this central conceit, if only the author's macabre imagination had sustained him to the end, then "Bury the Dead" would be as impressive a work as its many enthusiastic admirers have already proclaimed it to be. Even as it stands it is incomparably the best of the left-wing dramas seen this year, and the unknown author, one Irwin Shaw, quite legitimately inspires hopes at least as high as those aroused by Mr. Odets when he was known only as the author of "Waiting for Lefty." Indeed, "Bury the Dead" is much less merely a journalistic *tour de force* than the latter piece, but the unfortunate fact nevertheless remains that the first twenty minutes of Mr. Shaw's play are the best twenty minutes of the evening and that the writing goes steadily downhill as the symbol is developed in more and more obvious directions.

It is not that the author is not capable of powerful and genuinely dramatic presentation. The solid matter-of-factness of the opening scenes is, for example, right. So, too, are the grotesque grave-digger humor of the private soldiers and the whole air of inevitability about the miracle once it has occurred.

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Moreover, in these earlier scenes the translation of the idea into concrete terms is fully achieved. No explanations or interpretations are given and none are needed. The symbol and its meaning are not two things but one—which is another way of saying that allegory has ceased to be allegory and become poetry instead.

Perhaps the progressive enfeeblement of the play indicates merely that it was actually over in half an hour, that any further development is necessarily merely the addition of excrescences, because the conception was complete at least by the time that the rebellious dead men had refused the last cruel plea of the mothers and wives and sweethearts that they lie quietly down and be forgotten. But in any event the method of development which the author adopts is almost the worst. He grows more prosaic, more explicit, and more vociferous as he proceeds. The lesson—surely clear enough—is explained and reiterated in progressively shriller terms until the play ends in one of those noisy near-riots to which the imagination of so many peace-lovers seems habitually to lead.

If the author, having affirmed that dying of shrapnel wounds is neither sweet nor proper, wishes to add "that is, of course, unless the war really is a righteous one," he has a perfect right to do so. I am not blaming him as a playwright for not agreeing with me that there is not much hope of avoiding war until it is generally realized that torn faces and bloody guts are neither *dulce* nor *decorum* even though they happen to be the by-products of the newest conviction that a way to end war has been discovered at last. But I do blame him as a playwright for not discovering some way of presenting his amendment in terms as truly dramatic and as truly poetic as he found for the original proposition. A good play is not improved by the addition of supplementary discourses however fiery or however true. A symbol as complete and adequate as the one he invented is not improved by being progressively diluted with explicit interpretations.

"Bury the Dead" has been very effectively directed by Worthington Minor, and it is well acted.

The same company which usually appears about this time each year in the Gilbert and Sullivan repertory is holding forth again at the Majestic. The hypercritical complain of the obvious fact that its productions are considerably more casual than those of the D'Oyly Carte company, but William Danforth is as good as the best and Vivian Hart has a very agreeable voice as well as a very agreeable presence. Perhaps the most telling thing I could say is that I find myself attending the performances year after year. By the time this notice appears "The Pirates of Penzance" will have given way to "Pinafore" with "Trial by Jury" as a curtain-raiser.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

"HILL and dale" recording is not yet available for the ordinary phonograph owner: only radio and a few specially constructed machines for school can now use the process. It consists in cutting records vertically instead of laterally, as is done now by the large commercial companies. Its superiority was demonstrated by Grace Moore's motion picture "One Night of Love," the first to use "hill and dale." An otherwise ordinary film, it became an overnight success by virtue of its recording—and, of course, Miss Moore's singing. When the problems of marketing the process have been solved, there

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"The frank, yet delicate, handling of the subject makes the manual one that a physician may safely suggest." —*Amer. Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*
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should be a new wave of interest in phonograph records. Meantime the Electrical Research Products, Inc., has shown admirable foresight in getting—through the good offices of Dr. Greet and Dr. Hibbett of Columbia University—Robert Frost and Gertrude Stein to make recordings of their works by both processes. Even the lateral-cut recordings of these poets are remarkably faithful. No student of American poetry will want to miss Mr. Frost's readings of "The Death of the Hired Man" or his "Two Tramps in Mud-Time"; while Miss Stein's reading from "The Making of Americans" assumes an almost deceptive lucidity. Seven records, priced at $2.50 each, are available at Electrical Research Products, 250 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, or at the Gramophone Shop, 18 East Forty-eighth Street, New York.

You may also want to know about some recordings made by Vachel Lindsay for the Columbia University Press about a year before he died (three records, 75 cents each or $2 for the set). They include, of course, "The Congo," and give a graphic idea of Lindsay's conception of the poem's rhythms. The recording process, unfortunately, was so inferior, that one virtually needs to follow the records with a libretto to understand what the poet was saying.

In the field of the humorous monologue the last pronouncedly successful records were the "Cohen on the Telephone" series of some ten or more years ago. Stanley Holloway, however, is staging a small come-back for this type of entertainment, and the latest addition to his list is worthy of his earlier efforts. In "Albert Comes Back," a sequel to "Albert and the Lion," you will be glad to learn that though our hero was swallowed by Wallace, King of Beasts, he made such a fuss inside the tenderhearted animal, that he was coughed up again in time to run home and prevent his parents' being completely solaced with nine pounds four and two of insurance money. Mr. Holloway speaks a Lancashire English with a taint of cockney—or might it be vice versa? The dialect, the amiable savagery, and the folk quality of the monologues are making them a mild sensation among the intelligentsia (Columbia, one record, $1.50).

The Busch Chamber Players have now completed the recordings of the six Bach Brandenburg Concertos. Columbia deserves high praise for this undertaking. If the discs lack the brilliance of the Cortot and Stokowski versions of individual concertos, that is because Mr. Busch has devoutly adhered to the size of orchestra for which the music was written. The fussy musicologist may sigh and say that a cembalo should have been used, but let him listen to Rudolf Serkin's beautiful performance of the solo piano in the fifth concerto. The complete set, in two albums, costs $20.50. If that is too expensive, you are advised to invest in the two records of the second concerto ($3) or at least in the second movement of the sixth (one record, $1.50). This is one of Bach's most deeply serene and exquisitely woven adagios for strings and cembalo.

On a Victor importation you may hear the Philadelphian Dusolina Giannina and the German Marcel Wittrisch sing the love duet from "Madame Butterfly." It is well recorded, but the Wagnerian attacks of Herr Wittrisch and the German translation to "Frau Schmetterling" sound strange in this familiar Italian music (one record, $2). Another fine recording of familiar music in a strange setting is the clever Ravel two-piano transcription of Debussy's "Fêtes," brilliantly played by Josef and Rosina Lhevinne (one record, $1.50). But if you want to hear Debussy's own ideas on the subject, there are three orchestral recordings of this composition which may be profitably consulted—by Stokowski, Gaubert, and Coppola.

HENRY SIMON

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. Morosco Theater. Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. Shubert Theater. Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. Martin Beck Theater. Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. Guild Theater. The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. National Theater. The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

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THE GHOST GOES WEST. Gaumont British. René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. Fox. Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. Amkino. As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR. Warner Brothers. With Paul Muni as Pasteur this film makes "science" exciting, or at any rate uses the life of its hero to excellent dramatic advantage.

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Letters to the Editors

WASHINGTON PROTESTS

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to a recent article in *The Nation,* entitled The Slum Clearance Farce. This story was based on a few isolated cases, which I assume to be authentic, and some personal observations by the author, "Karen Dash." Although the Housing Division of the Public Works Administration was not mentioned in this article we handled most of the removal of tenants from the project site, along with the Detroit Housing Commission. To correct the erroneous impression conveyed by this fragmentary account, you will, no doubt, be interested in knowing the facts with respect to those families removed and relocated to date.

Of 471 families one was evicted by process of law. This family was moved without cost, a new home was found, and one month's advance rent was paid by the Wayne County Relief Administration. Thirty days' notice was given to every resident in the project area, which meant at least one month's free rent. In a majority of cases this notice was extended to forty or sixty days. No tenant was asked to move until suitable quarters at equivalent rent had been offered by the relocation office.

Of 471 families approximately 50 per cent were moved to homes equal or superior to those vacated at no increase in rental; 25 per cent were moved to similar dwellings with a slight increase; and 25 per cent were moved into considerably better dwellings with a considerable increase in rental.

At the information office on the site, listings of quarters considerably better than dwellings vacated and at equivalent rentals were made available to all who sought aid in relocation. Those who did not call were assumed able to care for themselves. Since the neighborhood of the project site was a slum, it was difficult to find sufficient decent quarters in the immediate vicinity to house those displaced. Those who preferred the neighborhood to decent housing suffered to some extent from exploitation but to a greater extent from a general rise in rents throughout the city, which they would have been obliged to pay had they remained in their original homes. On the whole, new quarters in the neighborhood were no worse and no better than those vacated. Doubling up existed before relocation; and it exists today, but relocation has had no discernible effect on the amount.

Relocation is not yet finished, but this report summarizes complete, statistical records of 471 families moved to date. I regard it as somewhat more authoritative than a story based on the cases of approximately 1½ per cent of those already handled.

A. R. CLAS,
Director of Housing

Washington, April 8

SLUM CLEARANCE FOR WHOM?

Dear Sirs: I do not see that the letter of Mr. A. R. Clas controverts the main assertions made in my article The Slum Clearance Farce. I have claimed, and I still claim, that any slum-clearance project which does not improve the condition of those who suffer from filthy, unsanitary housing is a fake.

Mr. Clas has nothing to say about the new houses to be constructed—when they are to be built, or who will be permitted to live in them when they are completed. He contents himself with contradicting me on several minor points in connection with the relocation of evicted families.

Sitting somewhere in Washington (I presume) with a typewritten report sent him by the Detroit Housing Commission, Mr. Clas raises a cynical eyebrow at my "personal observations." He says that "thirty days' notice was given to every resident." Yet practically every one of the fifty families I interviewed in their homes told me of receiving a verbal warning to get out within ten days or two weeks. Men from the Relocation Office came around two or three times a day, these people said, to hurry them along.

Mr. Clas states also that no evicted person was asked to move until suitable quarters at equivalent rent had been found. Yet I was told, both at the Relocation Office and at the Alfred Street welfare office, that suitable quarters at equally low rent "simply could not be found for these families, and they would have to double up or pay more."

Mr. Clas admits that 50 per cent of the ousted families have been forced to pay higher rentals in their new dwellings. The other 50 per cent, he says, were moved into homes "equal or superior to those vacated, with no increase in rental." In other words, 50 per cent of the evicted families have moved into houses which are "equal to" those dilapidated shacks, now torn down, which were condemned by the Board of Health as absolutely unfit for human habitation!

Negro welfare families occupy the worst hovels in Detroit. Negro welfare families, lacking adequate food and decent housing, suffer the ravages of pneumonia, rheumatic fever, and tuberculosis. Negro welfare families swell the lists of crime, infant mortality, juvenile delinquency, and disease. Any slum-clearance project which cannot be adapted to the needs of these people *is* a farce.

KAREN DASH

Detroit, April 14

BULLETIN ON JESUS LOPEZ

Dear Sirs: Since the article about the Jesus Lopez family was written the threat of further legal action against Lopez has subsided at least temporarily. The City of Burbank has agreed to let the family remain in its home until the truck-garden produce can be sold, with the further stipulation that the family must move after that time unless standard sanitary facilities are installed. Since the cost of plumbing is beyond the reach of Lopez, he intends to move as soon as he can harvest his crops.

Because of the cost of defending himself against the charge of being an undesirable resident, Lopez has been unable to meet his payments on his truck and to pay his water bill. More than that, it has been necessary for his parents and twelve brothers and sisters to return to the relief rolls. Finally, he received fifty-five cents a crate for the first load of onions he sold this season, and that, he figures, returns a profit of two or three cents a crate over the cost of production.

ERSKINE CALDWELL

Burbank, Cal., April 26

MR. STOLBERG DEMURS

Dear Sirs: Long experience with the editorial mind has taught me that the contributors' box and the advance announcement are really locker rooms where the editorial censor may relax and kid the help. In the course of years I have been described by editors or their associates

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who knew me well as a Harvard professor, a lieutenant commander who is a leading authority on naval strategy and history, a Zionist, a Communist leader, the editor of the New York *Times*, and a lineal descendant of two brothers, the Counts von und zu Stolberg, two minor poets, one of whom was among the eligible bachelors of his day. As yet I have never been the bearded lady who is also a specialist in industrial unionism. But in time, I'm sure, I'll make it.

So when *The Nation* not long ago announced in a house ad that I was a "caricaturist," I let it go at that. But when *The Nation* advertises elsewhere that my prospective stories on John L. Lewis and the La Follettes are to be "satirical character sketches," I must protest. I lack the talent, temper, and intention of a satirist. And even if I didn't, I certainly would not pick public characters whom I take seriously, respectfully, and hopefully—in an age of ominous chaos and growing barbarism.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

New York, April 15

PAVLOV

Dear Sirs: The following letter was written by Professor I. P. Pavlov in the early part of February, that is, shortly before his death. It may therefore be considered his last testament to young Russian scientists. It was written in answer to a request of the Central Committee of the Young Communist League, and was published in the Moscow *Pravda* of February 28, 1936. The translation is mine.

ALEXANDER MASLOW

Berkeley, Cal., April 16

What shall I wish for the youth of my motherland who are devoting themselves to science?

Before everything else I wish them consecutiveness. I can never speak without emotion about this most important condition of fruitful work. Consecutiveness, consecutiveness, and more consecutiveness. From the very beginning of your work train yourselves to be strictly consecutive in gathering knowledge.

Grasp well the A B C of science before attempting to climb to its summits. Never attempt to deal with subsequents without first mastering antecedents. Never attempt to cover your lack of knowledge by guesses and hypotheses no matter how bold. No matter how this soap bubble may delight you by its iridescence, it will inevitably burst and lead you nowhere.

Accustom yourselves to restraint and patience. Learn to do the spade work in science. Study, compare, accumulate facts!

No matter how perfect the wing of a bird may be, it would never lift the bird without the support of the air. Facts—they are the air of the scientist. Without them you can never fly. Without them the "theories" you evolve are but fruitless efforts.

But while studying, experimenting, observing, try not to remain on the surface of the facts. Do not become archivists of facts. Try to penetrate into the secrets of their origin, search persistently for the laws which govern them.

Second—modesty. Don't ever think that you already know everything. And no matter how highly you may be estimated by others, always have courage to say to yourself, "I am an ignoramus."

Do not let pride possess you. Pride will make you dissent where you should agree. Pride will make you reject useful advice and friendly help. Pride will make you lose objectivity.

In the collective which I happen to direct everything is a matter of atmosphere. We are all harnessed to one common work, and everyone moves it according to his strength and circumstances. Very often we cannot even tell what is "mine" and what is "yours," but the common work only gains from that.

Third — passion. Remember that science asks of a man his whole life, and if you had two lives, even that would not be sufficient for you. Science demands from man much effort and a great passion. Be passionate in your work and in your seeking.

Our motherland opens a great field before scientists, and one must give credit where credit is due—science is being generously introduced into our country. Generously to the limit!

And what is to be said about the position of a young scientist with us? Here everything is clear without saying. Much is given to him, but much also will be asked of him. And for the youth, as well as for us, it is a matter of honor to justify the great trust which our motherland has placed in our science.

I. P. PAVLOV

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